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Benjamin Thompson

1642 - 1714

Benjamin Thompson

1642 - 1714

FIRST NATIVE-BORN POET OF AMERICA

HIS POEMS

Collected with an Introduction by

HOWARD JUDSON HALL



Boston and New York

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1924

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

To

Melville Best Anderson

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Benjamin Thompson

1642-1714

THE known facts in the life of Benjamin Thompson, the first native-born North American poet, are rather meager. He was born July 14, 1642, in that part of Braintree, Massachusetts, now known as Quincy, and he died and was buried at Roxbury in April, 1714.

The history of the Thompson family is not strikingly different from that of hundreds of others coming to Massachusetts during the first years of the Bay Colony. The father, the Reverend William Thompson, was born in Lancashire in 1596 or 1597.¹ There is little doubt that he prepared for college at the school in Winwick where Richard Mather, of the same parish and a year or two older, was being sent from a neighboring village, and that he suffered from the "*Orbilium* Harshness and Fierceness"² of the same pedagogue whose blows drove the first of the Mather dynasty almost to the point of rebellion. Thompson matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, 28th January, 1619, at the age of twenty-two,³ receiving his bachelor's degree and returning to his native parish to preach for several years. Since he followed Mather to Brasenose, and like him entered the ministry as a liberal and emigrated to America, there is little doubt that Mather was a leading influence in Thompson's life.

William

William Thompson came to Massachusetts with wife and young children in 1636 or 1637 with the flood tide of English migration. He preached for a few months at Acomenticus, now York, Maine, and then, when a church was established at Mount Wollaston (Braintree), Massachusetts, he was installed there as pastor in the autumn of 1639, together with another clergyman, Henry Flint, who was installed as teacher of the church. Braintree already had a history. It was there that Morton and his men had made the settlement of Merry Mount, speedily extirpated by the Pilgrims of Plymouth led by Standish and his army. When Thompson settled there, it had only just been purged again, this time from Antinomian heresy, through the banishment of John Wheelright, friend of Oliver Cromwell, and brother-in-law of and sympathizer with Anne Hutchinson. Henceforth, under Thompson and Flint, the church there was no longer to be an outlying mission of Boston, but became the thirtieth independent Massachusetts congregation.⁴ Thompson is characterized by Winthrop as "a very gracious, sincere man . . . a very holy man . . ." who had already in the colony "been an instrument of much good."⁵

It was three years later when, as Winthrop says, "There arrived in a small pinnace one Mr. Bennet, a gentleman of Virginia, with letters from many well-disposed people of the upper new farms in Virginia to the elders here, bewailing their sad condition for want of the means of salvation, and earnestly entreating a supply of faithful ministers, whom, upon experience of their gifts and godliness, they might call
to

to office, etc.”⁶ The letters were read in public upon a lecture day. It was a call from Macedonia. The elders met and took the matter under grave consideration, with the result that three of their number were set apart and sent with credentials from the General Court of Massachusetts to fill the call.⁷ Of these Tompson was one. The missionaries set out in October, 1642, upon the voyage which was to stretch to eleven weeks. They struck upon the rocks at Hell Gate and ran ashore to prevent foundering. They had “slender entertainment” from the Dutch governor at New Amsterdam, and it was mid-winter before they secured another pinnacle and set their faces still south. Although they had been uneasy lest the length and the difficulties of the voyage were a sign of divine displeasure, the ministers were soon encouraged by the glad reception of their preaching in the communities that invited them thither. Tompson, though “a very melancholic man and of a crazy body,” felt his “spirit so enlarged” that he was in better condition than since leaving England.⁸

Upon their arrival, the missionaries had presented to Governor Sir William Berkeley their credentials from Governor Winthrop. Berkeley made no immediate response, but in the “Grand Assemblie holden at James Citty the second day of March, 1642/3” it was decreed in Act LXIV that

FFOR the preservation of the puritie of the doctrine & vntie of the church, *It is enacted* that all ministers whatsoever which shall reside in the collony are to be conformable to the orders and constitutions of the church of England,
and

and the laws therein established, and not otherwise to be admitted to teach or preach publicly or privatly, And that the Gov. and Counsel do take care that all nonconformists vpon notice of them shall be compelled to depart the colony with all conveniencie.⁹

¹ All details of the banishment are lost. Virginia writers are of the opinion that the law was not harshly enforced, and there is no evidence that the ministers were inhumanely treated; but it is certain that four months after the decree was passed the three New England Puritans were on the way home. There are some indications that Mr. Tompson may have remained a little longer than the other two, but it is a difficult matter to prove at this distance in time.

In New England the incident produced a profound impression that was no small element in the growth of that distrust for Virginia that increased during the generations that were to elapse before the Civil War. Winthrop and Johnson both comment upon it and connect it with the Indian massacre that afterwards fell upon the Virginians. The ministers were banished by mid-summer, 1643; the massacre took place at Easter, 1644. Cotton Mather, not looking too closely into former accounts, says:

Well, before the Day fixed for the Departure of these Ministers came, the *Indians* far and near having entered into a *Conspiracy*, to cut off the *English* in those Territories, executed it in an Horrible Massacre, whereby at least Three Hundred poor *English Virginians*, were at once Barbarously Butchered, which *Massacre* was also accompanied with a Grievous Mortality, that caused many sober Persons to Remove out of that Colony, and *others* to acknowledge the

the Justice of God upon them, for the *Ill-Treats*, which had been given to the *Ministers* of his Gospel, and the *Gospel* brought by those Ministers.¹⁰

Johnson is even more circumstantial in his comments upon the massacre which, he says, was stayed and prevented when it approached that part of Virginia inhabited by the zealous Puritans.¹¹ The Virginia Anglicans, on the other hand, quite as willing as the Puritans to see in the massacre the hand of Providence, attributed the bloody visitation to the fact of their having harbored the nonconformists for even a few months.¹² Thus closed the proselyting attempts of the Massachusetts Puritans among their inhospitable neighbors of the South, with no very tangible results except that among the few Virginians who followed the missionaries to Massachusetts was Daniel Gookin, directly led by the teaching of Tompson, a man soon to become one of the ablest and sanest leaders of the Massachusetts commonwealth.

After the minister's return from Virginia, the friendship between him and Richard Mather still continued. The two in 1644 published in London "A Modest and brotherly Answer"¹³ in favor of independency in the churches, and in 1650 "An Heart-Melting Exhortation"¹⁴ to their countrymen in Lancashire. In 1645, when troubles with the Narragansetts threatened Massachusetts, Tompson was made chaplain of the quickly mustered "Army of horse and foot" under command of Major-General Gibbons, "to accompany them, and to preach the Word of God unto them during the time of the war."¹⁵ But this

this time the Indians were awed by the show of force.

The colonial records have also left one or two personal glimpses of the man. Johnson says of him:

The reverend Mr. Tompson is a man abounding in zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, and of an ardent affection, insomuch that he is apt to forget himself in things that concern his own good; both him, and the like gracious M. Flint is here remembered.

With twofold cord doth Flint and Tompson draw
In Christ's yoke, his fallow ground to break,
Wounding mens hearts with his most righteous Law,
Cordials apply to weary souls and weak.¹⁶ . . .

It was the Reverend William Tompson who so bravely set his heel upon the head of the unfortunate snake that inadvertently wandered into the meeting-house at Cambridge and for the time broke up the deliberations of the famous Cambridge Synod of 1648, an incident much noted by the divines there present and so quaintly and positively interpreted by the inspiration of Governor Winthrop.¹⁷

But the minister's last days were of darkness. In the chapter of the "Magnalia" devoted to him, he is held up as an example of those men whom the divine will sometimes gives over, but only for a season, to the temptations of Satan; and the author, drawing upon ancient theories of disease, comes off rather bravely in demonstrating that indigestion, a malady that he cites as uncommonly prevalent among his New England contemporaries, is a favorite diabolic activity;¹⁸ a conclusion that few of their descendants will

will be inclined to gainsay. An item from the chronicle jottings set down amidst the Roxbury Church records by the Reverend Samuel Danforth may tell the tragic remainder:

12. 10^m 66. [December 12, 1666] m^r William Tompson Pastor to y^e Church at Braintree departed this life in y^e 69 year of his age. He had been held vnder y^e power of melancholy for y^e space of 8 yeares. During w^{ch} time He had diuerse lucid interuales, & sweet revivings, esp^{ly} y^e week before he dyed, in so much that he assayed to go to y^e church and administer y^e Lord's supper to them, but his body was so weak that he could neither go nor ride.¹⁹

The inventory of the estate recorded May 2, 1667, and still in its fine clerkly hand to be found in the Suffolk County probate archives, shows a valuation of £169, including house, barn, kitchen, and lot valued at £100, but not including a debt owing by the town and church of Braintree, amount unknown. No record is made of a library, the only book mentioned being a Bible. Possibly the books had been disposed of, during the minister's long illness, to other clergymen. The house was apparently as well furnished in the necessities of life as that of the average colonist of the time, but there are no luxuries disclosed in the list of effects, the only piece of plate being a silver spoon valued at six shillings. Further records of the settlement of affairs show a fine spirit of kindness on the part of the children for their step-mother, in the provision made for her maintenance.

Benjamin Tompson had been born three months
before

before his father's setting out for Virginia. Three months later, in mid-winter, his mother, "a godly young woman," died; and when the father came home the following summer, he found "all his children scattered, but well disposed of among his godly friends."²⁰ Thomas Blanchard and his wife, Braine-tree neighbors who had become foster parents of the babe in arms, continued their kindly office after the father's return. Soon afterwards they moved to Charlestown taking the child with them, and there Benjamin Tompson seems to have spent most of his boyhood. In his will, proved in 1654, Blanchard says:

I do dispose and betrust, Benjamin Tompson unto and with my wife to provide for and bring up in learning at her owne pleasure so as to fit him for the university in case his parents please to leave him with her & she live to that time.²¹

Blanchard leaves his widow forty bushels of corn a year for maintenance, and "unto my Reverend & welbeloved friend Mr Mathews one Cow, and to the Church of Mauldon one Cow." Further sections of the will and inventory show that Thomas Blanchard was a substantial but not wealthy man leaving an estate of some £550. Scrutiny of the documents in the Middlesex County archives reveals a generous and thrifty farmer whose home afforded abundant food and shelter, but lacked any luxury in furnishings or plate, and was negative in what we to-day call culture. The library consisted of "3 old bibles," a "new Covenant & psalme booke," "A law booke," and "Cooper on the Romans."

The inference from the papers is quite plain. The child

child through twelve years had deepened his hold upon the affections of his foster parents who had nourished him among their own three boys. They had been repaid in kind, they had found him a lad of promise, and they now stood ready to furnish him with a preparation for that career of greatest honor that could fall to a New England youth, the ministry of the colonial church. The intimate documents of the Massachusetts probate courts during this period reveal the ranking place in the community affection of whatever had to do directly or indirectly both with the ministers and the college where they were trained. This is indicated by the frequent bequests made to clergymen — pitifully small sometimes — a few pounds or a few shillings, or the gift of a treasured book. More often the little legacy is to the “college at Cambridge” or is bestowed upon some unnamed “pore scholar” there. William Tompson seems always to have been in straitened circumstances. Just at this time he was sending through Harvard an elder son, William, who became a minister, and if Thomas Blanchard felt it a privilege to provide the means for leading Benjamin to the ministry, it was no less than duty on the father’s part to surrender his youngest son to these leadings of Providence. The lad perhaps went home to study, but more likely, because of the father’s ill health, had his Latin under John Morley, the Charlestown schoolmaster, a former Braintree neighbor.

Benjamin Tompson graduated from Harvard in 1662. That year was the twentieth anniversary of the first

first class. The college course, originally of three years, had probably been lengthened to four; but it is unlikely that the change had greatly enriched the training and the derived culture. To be "able to read Tully, or such like classical Latin author *extempore*, to make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, *Suo (ut aiunt) Marte*, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue,"²² were the scholastic entrance requirements. The three years of the original curriculum were devoted to Greek, Hebrew, and the Eastern tongues, together with declamation, debate, sermonizing. Logic, ethics, arithmetic, astronomy, history, and botany were also recognized, but as a whole the course was weak and thin. All students were obliged to follow it whether preparing for the ministry or not. It is probable that Hebrew and Greek were best taught, since President Chauncey, then at the head of the college and active in the instruction, had been professor of these languages in the English Cambridge.

The Harvard community was small; classes graduating in the days of Tompson numbered usually from six to ten members. Among Tompson's associates must have been James Noyes, one of the founders of Yale College; Simon Bradstreet, Junior, son of Anne Dudley Bradstreet the poet; the three sons of President Chauncey who graduated all in one class, and Solomon Stoddard, destined to become one of the most influential New-Englanders of his time as well as the grandfather of Jonathan Edwards.

But Tompson, unlike most of his college fellows,
did

did not enter the ministry. He spent his life in teaching school. From the scanty colonial and town records, and the church registers of baptisms, admissions, and deaths, it is possible to trace most of his life with tolerable certainty. After leaving college in 1662 he seems to have returned to Braintree, for his signature is found there upon legal papers. His father was at this time in the depths of his period of melancholia. The elder sons had families to support, and probably upon Benjamin fell the chief care of the unfortunate household. Indications are that the family, if not in want, was hard pressed for the necessities; in 1664 Benjamin was left a legacy of forty shillings by the will of Elizabeth Harder of Braintree;²³ during the next year the neighboring town of Dorchester and the church there where William Tompson's old friend, Richard Mather, was teacher, made a collection of six pounds nine shillings for the helpless minister, which, since not wholly expended at the time of his death, the selectmen ordered apportioned to the widow and children.²⁴

It seems to have been five years after Tompson graduated from Harvard when he began his life work. In 1667 Robert Woodmansey, master of the Boston Latin School, died, and Tompson, now free through the death of his father, was appointed to succeed him. In the same year, also, Tompson married Susanna Kirtland.²⁵ It is quite likely that the influence of the Mather family helped to secure for the inexperienced young graduate of twenty-five this place as master of one of the leading schools of the colony. At all events,
people

people seem to have been kindly disposed towards the son of an afflicted one among their ministers. The school was situated upon what is still School Street, where a tablet marks the location, its site being partly within the grounds of the present King's Chapel, and in front of the present City Hall.²⁶ Cotton Mather, from five to nine years old during the time of Thompson's incumbency, was his most celebrated pupil. Samuel Mather says of the schooling of his father:

His Education was at the free School in *Boston* under the Care, *first* of Mr. BENJA THOMPSON, a Man of great Learning and Wit, who was well acquainted with *Roman* and *Greek* Writers, and a good Poet; last under the famous Mr. EZEKIEL CHEEVER, who was a very learned, pious Man, and an excellent School-master. Under these two Masters he made a laudable Proficiency.²⁷

Tompson held this place for three years. Then, Jan. 6, 1670/71, the selectmen called from Charlestown Ezekiel Cheever, a man of fifty-six years, who, because of his skill in teaching the classics, had become the foremost schoolmaster in New England. They offered to continue Tompson as one of Cheever's two assistants. Between the lines of the Boston town records there appears not only a natural reluctance on the part of Tompson to accept this arrangement, which might well become embarrassing, but possibly a feeling that the change was in some degree a breach of contract.²⁸ Three selectmen's meetings were held to consider the matter which was not finally settled until the schoolmaster at a fourth meeting had been voted ten pounds besides his yearly salary, perhaps
because

because of the hasty termination of the contract. Just then the school at Charlestown made Tompson an offer which he immediately accepted and gave up the keys of the Boston school to his successor.

He agreed to keep the Charlestown school for thirty pounds per annum, with twenty shillings a year from the parents of each pupil taught, and to propose such youths as might be capable of it for admission to the college, "with learning answerable."²⁹ For four years he remained in charge of this school, and he probably continued to live in Charlestown for some time later, since his wife was baptized and was admitted to full fellowship in the church there in the year 1677, and their eldest three children were baptized there in that year.³⁰

The year 1676 stands out above others as the time of Tompson's greatest poetic activity. It was then that he first appeared in print in the broadside elegy to Governor Winthrop of Connecticut. By the middle of the year "New Englands Crisis" had come from Foster's press in Boston — the first collection of American poems to be published in what is now the United States of America — and before the end of the year "New-Englands Tears" had been published in London. During the first half of this year King Philip's War was at its greatest intensity. The news was coming in day by day. There was scarcely a family relationship in all the colonies that was not paying its toll of life. The seacoast towns were full of refugees from villages and farmsteads but a few miles inland. The struggle surged up to within two miles of Plymouth,

outh, and a half-day's walk from Boston Common. Ten per cent of the colonial fighting men had perished, and it seemed not impossible to their friends abroad that the English race upon the American mainland might be extirpated.

During all this time Tompson seems to have been out of employment. He had in 1674 ceased to be the master of the Charlestown school, although he continued to live in the town, but it is not known how he was providing for his family. He could hardly have dreamed that his little excursion into poetry could bring him a living, for living by literature without patronage was unknown in his time even in London. In Boston there were no wealthy patrons who might come to his support, and there were no party factions in that theocratic, homogeneous commonwealth that might raise head and use Tompson's gift for satiric verse to their profit, even if the press had been free. Opportunity for expression in this way was fifty years off, and even when it came to young Franklin, the lad and his brothers found that opposition to the constituted authorities was not the way to wealth. Tompson's hope may have lain in preferment of some kind that might come to him through the favorable notice of his verse; but if so he was disappointed. There were no noble lords in the little state who might venture to dispense private benefactions from the public treasury, as in the mother country, even had the colonial treasury been farther than it was from its chronic state of emptiness. Hence after three years as master of the Boston school and four years at Charlestown,
and

and four other years of unemployment at his occupation, there was nothing for the colonial satirist and lyricist, "the famous poet of New England," to do but return to his native Braintree, bargain with his father's old friends for the opening of a town school, and there to maintain himself for practically the remainder of his life, though the employment was "mean and the encouragements meaner."

During this last half of his life, Tompson continued to write poems, mostly elegies, as the melancholy occasion arose within his own relationship, or as the deaths of conspicuous persons called them forth. Some of these appeared as broadsides for public or private circulation. There is, however, one gap between 1679 and 1695 in which there is no mention of his work and from which no trace remains. To us, his most attractive verse is that of 1676, since this gives the most interesting pictures of American life. Judged as poetry, his later work, despite its turgidity, its excess of figure, and its self-consciousness, is of better craftsmanship.

In Braintree Tompson continued teaching without interruption from 1679 until 1699. Here the town, at the outset, voted him as compensation a salary supposed to be equivalent to thirty pounds a year, consisting of the rentals arising from the town lands, the quarter money, and half a cord of wood from each child taught. Wood was not only fuel, but a medium of exchange as well, since the chief business of Braintree was to supply wood to Boston. The town also granted him a parcel of land for a house, and in the next autumn confirmed it to a fee.³¹ But though the
town

town intended to deal justly with its schoolmaster, these years seem to have been the hardest in his life. His increasing family, the constant rise in prices, and the cheapening of the colonial currency made the struggle harder each year. Letters preserved in the Massachusetts archives tell something of his personal affairs.

To the Reverend Mr. Increase Mather, at Boston. dd.

REVER^d M^r MATHER, — Most humble and kind salutations premised to yourselfe and yours.

It is not so much an ambition of Honour, as of a full imployment, and its comfortable attendants, which have moved mee to try what interest a branch of an auncient Lancashire Christian, and your most precious and renowned friend and fellow sufferer may find, with your Christian selfe, who influence so many others. I had by my brother a copie of New Laws, one whereof being for multiplying Schooles, in observance whereof I thought you would not bee backward, or in any other designe of public^{ke} good. My yeare being up in the place where I am, I am bold to present my service to you, as your parishioner & Schoolemaster. It being the first time of offering myselfe in like case. Whether the place bee open for me or not, I begge that no forreigner or stranger may have it, if those of our owne Countrey and acquaintance may fitt the same. And though I sit unimployed,

My Loyalty is still the same
Whither I win or loose the game,
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Altho It bee not shin'd upon.

If you have an *hora vacua* in the long winter nights, vouchsafe a minute in a line to, and rest in prayers for
S^r, your hearty and humble friend & serv^t,

BENJ. TOMPSON.

25. 9. 83

S^r, the Cold apologizeth for the scrawles.³²

To

To his Excellency,

S^R EDMUND ANDROS KNIGHT Govern^r

Cap^t Generall of all his Majesties territories
in New England.

The most humble Petition of Benjamin Tompson Physician and Schoole Maister of the towne of Braintree, Shewing that Your poore Suppliants father, a divine of good note, declaring it was not lands hee came for, lived and died with his heart always above worldly things, his not begging as others did, others of far inferiour note being vastly accomodated, puts mee who have a numerous race upon this essay, not having found y^r Excellency averse therunto. I therefore humbly Begge part of the lands to mee demised by the towne, viz. twenty acres of upland fit for pasturage only, lying between M^r Shepards Farme and the towne, As also twelve Acres of Salt Marish by mee this yeare demised to Cap^t Sam^l White, Also one or two hundred Acres of Wilderness land, bounded Southerly with the land Petitioned by Sam^l Niles, the Roade Running thorow the same. I know not any other way to gaine a lasting acknowledgment of my fathers and his orphans service in the towne. I am also hereby willing to shroud my person, my children, and my estate under the umbrage of o^r gracious Sovereigne, and shall seasonably bring in an account of the small shreds of land I have that I may obtain a patent thereof. WHICH granted, I shall owne y^r EXCELLENCY the GREATE MÆCENAS and rebuilder of my decaying family. And as it is my duty myself, teaching my children for ever to pray o^r dread Sovereigns subject

Y^{or} Excellencys faithful serv^t

BENJAMIN TOMPSON

9 Junis Calendas

1688.

Annoq Regni Regis Jacobis Secundi tertio.

Mag. Brit. Angl. Scot. Franc. & Hib.

Fidei defensoris &c.³³

HONOURED

HONOURED SR,

I cannot unlesse I relinquish my imploy which is meane and Incouragements meaner, prosecute my petition as I ought to doe: But It would bee the highest incivility and ingratitude not to owne his Exc^{le} Indulgency therein. If my petition bee arrived y^r hands I begge of you, a writt to the Survey^r, and I hope to obtaine the desireable hand usual to soulife it and In all other things intend a full and Customary prosecution as far as purse and my small interests amounts unto: Meane time I most humbly kisse y^r hand.

His Maj^s faithfull Subject &

Y^r Hon^{rs} frd. & serv^t

BENJ: TOMPSON

Aprill 4th

1689.

The petition I hereby intend is my last petition.³⁴

Petitioning for a grant of land was common in Tompson's time. The towns were notoriously slow in paying their pastors and teachers, as well as in settling other obligations, and often granted lands in requital for both tangible and intangible services. Ezekiel Cheever was constrained at just this time to petition Andros to intervene with the Boston selectmen to pay the arrears of fifty-five pounds in his own salary. Whether we understand the attitude of Tompson in these letters or not, it is plain that his petition for relief caused no prejudice against him and that his personal circumstances at this time appealed to the respect of generous people. A section in the will of Mr. William Penn sworn to February 4, 1688/9 reads,

I give to Mr. Benjamin Thompson, who was the first school master, of Braintree fourty shillings in money, and to every one of his children now living fourty shillings apiece in silver.³⁵

This

This legacy, if paid in coin indeed, was a substantial gift to the schoolmaster and his family of seven children, and shows how highly his services were esteemed by one wealthy citizen.

The town of Braintree also seems officially to have been satisfied with its school and teacher, for in 1690 it voted the master ten pounds in addition to the town rents, and soon after chose him town clerk. But some years later friction arose, perhaps again because of tardy payments, for in 1699 the town appointed a committee to defend its interests in case of suit. A compromise was apparently reached, for following the appointment of another committee to wait upon Tompson with the tender of five pounds there appears a receipt in the records signed by him for all claims in full, that the differences in opinion "might issue in love."³⁶ Since he was annually elected town clerk for several years afterwards, it may be assumed that to the majority of his townsmen equity appeared to lie on his side.

Following this episode, for three or four years Tompson taught the free school at Roxbury, now commonly known as the Roxbury Latin School. This school, founded in 1645, became in 1671, through the legacy of Mr. Thomas Bell, one of the best endowed schools in the colony.³⁷ Cotton Mather is emphatic in praise of it, especially in its sending far beyond its quota of youth to the college.³⁸

Once more, in 1704, the selectmen of Braintree were empowered to treat with Tompson for keeping school there. It seems probable that he returned, and
retained

retained the place until 1710. In that year another town clerk was chosen, and it is likely that another schoolmaster sat behind the desk. The infirmities of age were doubtless overtaking him, and he probably went to live with his children in Roxbury — Benjamin a saddler, and Philip who was a physician.

We must here recall the fact that medicine was one of Benjamin Tompson's professions. References in diaries and court records show that he and his son attended cases together.³⁹ This practice of medicine seems to have occupied his attention more and more as he advanced in years. He had prepared himself in anatomy as well as the crude facilities of the time allowed,⁴⁰ he doubtless possessed books of medicine, and his general reputation for learning would quite fit him in the minds of most people of the time to offer his services in the medical profession if he chose. Michael Wigglesworth, for instance, clergyman and brother poet, in the intervals of his preaching practiced medicine for years together, and Cotton Mather and other clergymen of the time were considered good physicians.

Here, then, at Roxbury with his children, amid the mingled sorrows and satisfactions of declining life, he spent the last long days, ministering to his neighbors from the fruits of a full experience. His wife had died in 1693, and his little Mary in 1700. The pathetic reference in the verses upon the death of Rebecca Sewall is to this child. From his last lines we may infer that his old age, like that of many a schoolmaster of greater and lesser fame whose life has been
used

used up in helping others, was clouded by neglect and poverty. But he must, on the other hand, have been comforted in seeing his children well settled in life. Two of his daughters had married clergymen, Harvard graduates, Joseph Belcher of Dedham and Joseph Parsons of Lebanon, Connecticut, and Salisbury, Massachusetts.⁴¹

The exact date of Tompson's death is uncertain. Since the Tompson family manuscript, part of which is here reprinted, and the diary of Samuel Sewall, Jr., practically agree in placing it upon the 10th of April, 1714,⁴² we may accept that day, though the tombstone bears the date of April 13, and was so read by Ebenezer Hazard in 1779.⁴³

Such are the outstanding facts of Benjamin Tompson's life gleaned from the scanty records of his time. To the curious searcher there is, perhaps, a hint of eccentricity, or moodiness, or even testiness of temper, but there is ample proof that throughout his years of toil Tompson won and held the respect of those whose minds and bodies he served. His epitaph and other contemporary estimates sum up the impression that he made upon his fellow-men. He not only had been a "practitioner of physic for above thirty years," but to them he was a "man of great learning and wit, well acquainted with the Roman and Greek writers and a good poet"; and he "left behind him," as the Braintree town clerk recorded at his predecessor's death, "a weary world eight children and twenty grandchildren."

These

These homely details in the annals of two generations of a Massachusetts family are commonplace enough. There are few New England families of the period but went through such experiences of poverty, of sacrifice, and noble devotion to duty which took small account of personal sorrows. Perhaps the recounting of these once more has not been out of place in this connection if we can see specifically the conditions amid which was written the first native American poetry.

Moreover, it is not alone for the satisfaction of collecting the verses of a forgotten provincial poet that the present edition is brought together. It is to make possible the fuller recognition of Tompson not only as the first native-born poet, but as the first poet writing within our borders whose culture and subjects are of the country itself. In the work of George Sandys, who translated the first ten books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* — one of the most popular books of the seventeenth century in England — in a pioneer hut in Virginia, there is, of course, nothing of America. It was by chance alone that the work was done in Virginia rather than in London. Anne Dudley Bradstreet, whose London printer classed her as "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America," has but faint traces of things objectively American in her poems. Like Sandys she received her culture in England. To her reading in the Earl of Lincoln's library, and to a few books that she brought into the wilderness, are owing, with the exception of her personal lyrics, her entire dreary poetical output.

Just

Just as there can be little doubt that Sandys turned eagerly to his translation as a solace from the miseries of those first years in Virginia, so Mrs. Bradstreet must also have found in her verse-writing relief for a naturally high spirit, and temporary oblivion of the hardships of a pioneer woman's life. When she left England her "heart rose" in rebellion, as well might become a matron of eighteen, at the vista of privation and unloveliness that opened before her, and though she "submitted" ⁴⁴ to the will of God and the purposes of her resolute husband, there is little doubt that her heart was but a sojourner in the land of her adoption. In her poem dealing with the four seasons there is not a trace of the wild banks of the Merrimac where she had her home, or of the glory of color in the New England landscape. All savors of the walled gardens of an English country estate, and the lanes and fields of old Lincolnshire. Anne Bradstreet never gave her heart to New England. We can in no way blame her. We are glad that one soul might escape in a form of art from the unloveliness of blackened logs and tree stumps and rail fences, from the ceaseless toil that was the lot of a mother of eight children and the mistress of two negro servants and perhaps a Pequot maid of uncertain temper. We cannot wonder that neither she nor any of her contemporaries failed to sense the beauties of the New England autumn forest where each red bush might hide a red Indian, when the hectic colors were the herald of winter with its horrors of isolated misery and its toll of pestilence. Mrs. Bradstreet's lyrics result, indeed, from the spirit
of

of Puritanism, which was intensified by her close association with persons of the Puritan manner of belief and expression; but they are non-American quite as much as if their author had remained in England within the confines of her sect.

Michael Wigglesworth, though like Mrs. Bradstreet English born, has a greater claim than she to be called a poet of America. His "Day of Doom" is American in its crudeness and lack of finish, American in spirit; for in no other community then or since could its lines have expressed so nearly a community sentiment. In its nervous vigor, its lilting ballad measure, and its directness, lack of subtlety, its forthright honesty, and eager earnestness, it expresses a phase of the spiritual development of New England.

But Tompson, though endowed with less imagination than Wigglesworth, and with less native poetic ability, goes much beyond him or Mrs. Bradstreet in expressing the variety of New England interests, narrow though these were. Tompson is American solely. The American home, the American church, the bitter school of American poverty, Harvard College, and the pioneer men and women with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder were the sources of his culture. There is no indication that he ever wandered a day's journey afoot from his birthplace. He is proud of his American sonship. He represents the narrow scope of emotion in early New England. Nature and love and human relationships had no recognized importance there. Our ancestors of that stern lineage were blind to the beauty that lay about them
in

in nature. They feared the longings for beauty in their own souls. At the same time it is worth while to note how intensely their minds worked in that realm open to them — the invisible in their everyday experiences, and the unseen in the hereafter. Here, within the walls of orthodoxy, they gave their imagination full scope. And though that garden was narrow, the soil was deep, and produced a luxuriance of species and genera that was the joy of its cultivators. At length, in other generations, branch and root working in crevice and cranny overthrew the granite walls, and the soul of a new New England spread forth to enrich mankind.

Tompson's world was small indeed. Its great men were the "painful pastors" in whose fiery denunciations the hearers felt the pangs of eternal torture, or in whose rapt faces they caught visions of the bliss of the saints. Next to these stood the magistrates, whose interpretations of civil and political rights and the common law, complicated though they were by the still greater authority of the law of Moses, attempted and generally attained an even-handed justice that appealed to the instincts of the common people for democratic rights as these gradually developed in the little commonwealth. Facing the compact group of rural towns backed against the coast with their vivacious civic and ecclesiastic activities, there stretched the half-circle of stone-age savagery, the strongest external influence making for solidarity among the municipalities. Vigorous efforts to convert the Indians to the religion or civilization of the Europeans

peans had met with comparatively little success. The final struggle was to be of flesh and blood.

It is of this new community alone that Thompson writes. His attitude is wholly that of the colonists. His is the conscious, egotistical, spiritual pride of the founders in their religious and social experiment in the wilderness. The elect of the New England Zion were well aware of the uniqueness of their theocratic state and not at all slow in asserting its superiority in the face of all the world. All this Thompson reflects. He describes the barbarities of the Indians making their last independent onslaught in New England against the new, powerful race that by force and guile had taken from them the places that they had called home. He shows the no less barbarous attitude of the colonists who, though a generation before half inclined in their speculative ignorance to embrace the tawny natives as their spiritual kin of debased lineage, remnant of the ten lost tribes of Israel, now recognized in them with full certainty the outlawed idolaters holding the land of promise against the true Israel escaped from the bondage of Egypt, to be gloated over in defeat, and to be extirpated by fire and sword that spared not woman or child.

In this account of the struggle with the Indians that surged up almost to Thompson's own fireside, there is sensed a note of American self-sufficiency. There is no appeal to the old home for aid. God alone is the tower of Zion: in his strength who planted them his chosen will fight the war. No earthly king can be their defence. They are being
punished

punished for their sins, but, having repented and abased themselves, they submit to the rod, they are given strength more than mortal, they conquer. Zion is secure. And unwittingly on this narrow stage our New England fathers, simultaneously with the insurgents in Virginia under Bacon, finish the first act in the drama of American independence. They prove that no native force can uproot them. Where they have planted themselves there they will possess the soil. Ten years later the audacious little republic of Massachusetts set itself in spirit squarely against the power of England, and purposed to resist in arms any attempt of the king to force the hierarchy upon the new world. New England had become America.

A chief literary reason for knowing the work of Benjamin Thompson is that it shows the artistic standard of New England during the age of Dryden. No one can deny to the founders courage, initiative, intelligence. Their intellectual level, especially that of their leaders, was exceptionally high. From such a community facing and inspired by new conditions one might expect, unless it were inhibited by offsetting forces, the expression of life in some lasting form of art. But Thompson's work is not art; it is the handicraft of a people in the second and third generations of those who have suppressed in themselves all art for conscience' sake. Even in its crudeness and yearning for form it proves the human impossibility of denying art altogether; and it shows interestingly how the artisan, when he expresses himself at all in such circumstances, will seize upon the most striking and
least

least worthy characteristics of whatever art is current. Benjamin Tompson was familiar with the best Latin and Greek poetry. Yet when he wrote in English he emulated the worst characteristics of English and European poetry current since a generation before his birth. That he did not go into all the extravagances of his English predecessors was because of his limited fancy and narrow field. It seems strange that President Chauncey, newly come from Cambridge, should have exerted no more enlarging influence upon the imagination of his students.

Professor Tyler thinks that some of Tompson's satire shows that he had read Dryden.⁴⁵ Even granting this possibility, it is more likely that Quarles was his nearer model. Moreover, Tompson's best verse was of 1676, preceding Dryden's characteristic satire. Quarles was a poet in favor among the New England clergy, and had offered a translation of some of the Psalms — unfortunately rejected — to the authors of the "Bay Psalm Book." A copy of his poems was in the Harvard College library, the original gift of John Harvard. There is a strong resemblance between the narrative verse of Tompson in the introduction to "New Englands Crisis" and that of Quarles in the "Historie of Samson" (London, 1631). This is seen particularly in Sections 15 and 16 of the "Historie." Even if this volume were not the particular one in John Harvard's library, it is quite likely that it may have been given to the College library before Tompson's day. In any case, Tompson probably read all of Quarles that the College library possessed.

Tompson

Tompson was not seduced by the popular ballad, doubtless sung in colonial New England, which certainly influenced "The Day of Doom," and such verse as is found in Johnson's "Wonder-Working Providence." A line that seems a little out of place in the verses upon the fortification of Boston Neck makes one hope that he may have spent a gay hour among the 'prophane' pages of the Reverend Robert Herrick and that the eyes of his imagination may have been gladdened by a sight of the incomparable Julia. Otherwise there is nothing to suggest the gaiety of the vicar, and certainly nothing redolent of the spring-time and countryside of Old England. He wrote of the life about him in all its drab reality, and he wrote as one might who had taken for his model Quarles at his worst, and had never heard of Shakespeare or Milton or Dryden.

If it be questioned why Tompson, knowing, as a schoolmaster, the best of classic authors, wrote such bad verses in English, the same query may be put concerning many an English poet of that day. In Tompson's case, to be sure, it is sufficient to say that the young men of Massachusetts were not studying Latin literature for the sake of any artistic enjoyment of its contents or for any ultimate culture that they might gain from it. They read it solely as a drill exercise to enable them to read and understand, and compose in due time, the ponderous theological and controversial works of their own philosophy, and to understand so thoroughly the camp and strategy of the enemy that they might put him to utter confusion.

Whether

Whether the teaching of the classics in the same or other regions of Christendom to-day reaches ends greatly beyond those of our forefathers in cultural value, or not, it is hard to find in early New England results that led to great stores of sweetness and light. Hence, Benjamin Tompson, schoolmaster of Cotton Mather, was impervious to the enlarging influence of the classics. Had he seen their beauty and attempted to open it to the soul of his most famous pupil, it is likely that the indignation of the militant Increase might speedily have ended his career as a teacher of youth destined to the Christian ministry.

Tompson's poetry fairly well represents colonial poetical taste before it was influenced by the newer English poetry of Dryden and Pope. In the year of Tompson's death there appeared in Boston a thin volume, "Select Essays with some Few Copies of Verses."⁴⁶ It is doubtless the work of Harvard young men, it is distinctly Queen Anne in manner, and it marks the turning-point in colonial verse writing. Thirty years later the witty and erratic Mather Byles and his friends appeared in "Poems on Several Occasions."⁴⁷ This book might have been composed at Cambridge or Oxford. But of American verse as American it is hard to find anything so distinctive as Tompson's, until we come to Trumbull just a century after him, and then to the work of Whittier, or perhaps Freneau.

In the old Burying-Ground at Roxbury still stands the little slate headstone half buried in its third century of watching over the dead, and now somewhat
shouldered

shouldered awry by the roots of a vigorous elm. The little acre is not a peaceful place. When Tompson was buried there, and the aristocratic Dudleys one by one became his neighbors, it was a quiet country graveyard. Now, the city surrounds it, the elevated railroad roars past, and traffic shrieks on all sides. The polluting flood of humanity and commerce has swept over the Roxbury hills, leaving few places free by right of ancient privilege. Still legible is the inscription "...AND THE RENOWNED POET OF NEW ENGLAND." Why disturb in their honorable oblivion the ashes of a provincial poet? Certainly not because of any rare or forgotten beauty of verse that must be saved for the jaded palates of to-day. The present editor will have fulfilled his purpose if this collection shall tend to settle more clearly a matter of historical justice, and especially if it shall enable young students of American literature to appreciate more exactly the society of our forbears, and its early and sincere though crude functioning in the way of poetic art. We shall not be able to agree with our ancestors in their estimate of Tompson, but if we know well the man whose verses they admired we shall know more of them.

The present collection contains all the poems of Tompson that are known to have been written by him, or that are known to have been ascribed to him, with a single exception. This is an elegy upon Major-General Sir John Leverett, Governor of Massachusetts, who died in 1679 after successfully conducting the affairs of the colony through the war with Philip.

It

It is mentioned in John Langdon Sibley's "Harvard Graduates," Volume II, where it is described as a manuscript poem of 134 lines in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Persistent search fails to reveal it, and long inquiry fails to bring any copy to light. It is much to be regretted that, for the sake of completeness, the manuscript has disappeared, though it is doubtful if it would add anything to the fame of Tompson, or any luster to American colonial literature.

The editor would express his gratitude to Mr. Henry E. Huntington for allowing him a photostatic copy of the "New Englands Crisis," the only perfect copy of which is in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Gabriel, California; to the John Carter Brown Library at Providence for a photostatic copy of the unique "New-Englands Tears"; to the Massachusetts Historical Society for photostatic copies of all the Tompson material in its collection; and especially for the constant and friendly help of its Editor, Mr. Worthington C. Ford; and of Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, its Librarian, who has been kind enough to read the proofs of this introduction; and to Mr. Albert Matthews, Editor of the Colonial Society, for advice and cordial assistance.

LOS ALTOS, CALIFORNIA

March, 1924

Notes to the Introduction

- ¹ *New England Historic and Genealogical Register*, xv, 112-16.
- ² [Sic] Cotton Mather, *Magnalia Christi Americana*, London, 1702, III, 123: Orbilian.
- ³ "Ænei Nasi 28 Jan. 1619 William Tompson Lancast. Pleb. fil. an. natus 22." 3 *Collections Massachusetts Historical Society*, VIII, 249.
- ⁴ Edward Johnson, *Wonder-Working Providence*, New York, 1910, p. 197. Johnson inaccurately numbers it the twentieth. See H. M. Dexter, *History of Congregationalism*, p. 413.
- ⁵ John Winthrop, *Journal*, New York, 1908, I, 315, 325.
- ⁶ Winthrop, II, 73; *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, III, 54.
- ⁷ *Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay*, Boston, 1853, II, 27.
- ⁸ Winthrop, II, 94.
- ⁹ William Waller Hening, *The Statutes at Large of Virginia*, New York, 1823, I, 277.
- ¹⁰ *Magnalia*, III, 216.
- ¹¹ Johnson, *Wonder-Working Providence*, 265-67.
- ¹² Philip Alexander Bruce, *Institutional History of Virginia*, New York, 1910, I, 255.
- ¹³ *A Modest & Brotherly Answer To Mr. Charles Herle his Book, against the Independency of Churches . . .* By Richard Mather Teacher of the Church at Dorchester; and William Tompson Pastor of the Church at Braintree in New-England. 4°, 4 + 58 pp. London, Henry Overton, 1644. (Sabine, 46781.)
- ¹⁴ *An Heart-Melting Exhortation, Together with a Cordiall Consolation, Presented in a Letter from New-England, to their dear Countreymen of Lancashire; Which may as well concern all others in these suffering times.* By Richard Mather Teacher of the Church at Dorchester, and William Tompson Pastor of the Church at Braintrey in New-England . . . Sm. 8°, 2 + 84 + 6 pp. London, J. Rothwell, 1650. pp. 284. (6.) (Sabine, 46780.)
- ¹⁵ *Wonder-Working Providence*, 235-36.
- ¹⁶ *Wonder-Working Providence*, 198.
- ¹⁷ "It fell out, about the midst of [Mr. Allen's] sermon, there came a snake into the seat, where many of the elders sate behind the

the preacher. It came in at the door where people stood thick upon the stairs. Divers of the elders shifted from it, but Mr. Thomson, one of the elders of Braintree, (a man of much faith,) trode upon the head of it, and so held it with his foot and staff with a small pair of grains, until it was killed. This being so remarkable, and nothing falling out but by divine providence, it is out of doubt, the Lord discovered somewhat of his mind in it. The serpent is the devil; the synod, the representative of the churches of Christ in New England. The devil had formerly and lately attempted their disturbance and dissolution; but their faith in the seed of the woman overcame him and crushed his head." *Journal*, II, 347, 348. (The Reverend John Allen was pastor of the church at Dedham.)

¹⁸ *Magnalia*, III, 119.

¹⁹ *Sixth Report of the* (Boston) *Record Commissioners*, City Document 114, Roxbury Church Records, p. 205.

²⁰ Winthrop, II, 94.

²¹ (Unpublished) Probate Records of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, I, 26-28. Also *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, XVII, 156.

²² Josiah Quincy, *History of Harvard University*, Boston, 1860, I, 515. See also the *Statua, Leges, et Privilegia* of Harvard College, *Magnalia Christi Americana*, IV, 132.

²³ *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, XIII, 12.

²⁴ Charles Francis Adams, *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, Boston, 1893, p. 602. *Fourth Rep. Rec. Com.*, Dorchester Town Records, p. 141.

²⁵ *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, XV, 113.

²⁶ Justin Winsor, *Memorial History of Boston*, II, xxxiii.

²⁷ Samuel Mather, *The Life of the Very Reverend and Learned Cotton Mather*, Boston, 1729, p. 4.

²⁸ *Seventh Rep. Rec. Com.*, pp. 57, 58.

²⁹ *Memorial History*, IV, 258.

³⁰ *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, XV, 112-16; XXIII, 437; XXVI, 158.

³¹ John Langdon Sibley, *Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University*, II, 105, Cambridge, 1881.

³² Letter 45, vol. 5, Mather Papers, Prince Collection, Boston Public Library.

³³ *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, XV, 116. Quoted from *Mass. Archives*, Book 128, p. 247.

³⁴ *Ibid.* It is not apparent to whom this letter was addressed; perhaps to a gentleman who acted as Thompson's attorney.

William

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³⁵ William S. Pattee, *A History of Old Braintree and Quincy*, Quincy, 1878, p. 166.

³⁶ Charles Francis Adams, *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, Boston, 1893, p. 772.

³⁷ C. K. Dillaway, *A History of the Grammar School*, Roxbury, 1860, pp. 185, 38-44; Justin Winsor, *The Memorial History of Boston*, Boston, 1880, I, 420.

³⁸ *Magnalia*, III, 187.

³⁹ Samuel Sewall, *Diary*, III, 73 n.

⁴⁰ Samuel Sewall, *Diary*, I, 21.

⁴¹ *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, LX, 136; John Langdon Sibley, *Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University*, II, 109.

⁴² "(April, 1714) 9th Fair windy & cold. Bury Dr I Math^{rs} Wife. Mr Benjn Tompson dyes at Night at Roxbury." Samuel Sewall, Jr., *Diary*, 2 *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, VIII, 223.

⁴³ 5 *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, II, 19.

⁴⁴ *The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse*, ed. John Harvard Ellis, Charlestown, 1867, xv.

⁴⁵ Moses Coit Tyler, *A History of American Literature during the Colonial Period*, New York, 1898, II, 21-23.

⁴⁶ *Select Essays, with some few miscellaneous copies of Verses drawn by Ingenious Hands . . .* (Boston,) 1714. pp. 47. 8°. (Evans, 1715.)

⁴⁷ *Poems on Several Occasions. By Mr. Byles*, Boston, Kneeland and Green, 1744. pp. 4 + 112 + 4. (Evans, 5355.)

Poems

The poems are here arranged in the probable order of composition from 1666 to 1713, except that *New Englands Crisis*, *New-Englands Tears*, and "A Funeral Tribute to John Winthrop," which form the most important group, are placed first.

New-Englands Crisis

Note

THE relationship between "New Englands Crisis" and "New-Englands Tears," both collections of incidents of King Philip's War, is not perfectly clear. The two were published in the same year, 1676, in Boston and in London respectively. Much of the work in the two collections is identical, yet each collection contains poems not found in the other. Neither can be accounted for as a reprint of the other with omissions and additions.

A study of the two booklets side by side, with such external information as may be obtained at a distance from libraries of original information in colonial affairs, seems to indicate that Tompson composed the "New Englands Crisis" in a few weeks during the spring of 1676. The events there mentioned all took place between February 10, the burning of Lancaster, and April 10, the burial of Governor Winthrop; and most of them were in the crowded fortnight between March 26 and April 10. To all appearances, Tompson first intended that the "Crisis" should end with the appropriate lines set off in italics on page 62. The latest event mentioned in the poem up to that point is the burning of Groton, March 7, or 14. Perhaps the printer had set the type thus far when the events at Marlbury, Providence, and Chelmsford aroused Tompson to renewed effort and he composed the Supplement which includes the attacks upon these towns,

towns, mentions Governor Winthrop's death, April 6, and was intended to close with the italic lines following "Chelmsford's Fate," page 70. However, the humorous incident of "A Fortification Begun by Women" occurring probably just then, once more inspired poetic effort and actually brought the little book to a close.

"New-Englands Tears" begins with the burning of Marlborough, and though the collection is dated April 15, 1676, at least two of the events that it records took place after that date — the burning of Sudbury, April 18, and the death of Major Willard, April 23. One of its poems refers to the election of that year, May 3, as still in the future. It would seem that "New-Englands Tears" was an afterthought; that about this time Tompson conceived the idea of sending to London the parts composing the Supplement to the "Crisis" that they might appear as a poetical bulletin of the latest news from the Massachusetts war. He arranged these in chronological order, wrote a new poem upon the death of Governor Winthrop, another upon the death of Canonchet¹ whom he mistakenly calls Miantonomah and whose name the London printer deciphers as M. J. Antonies. He composed a new title, set the date April 15, and actually finished the collection between April 23, the date of Major Willard's death, and election day, May 3. Since, moreover, the little chronicle does not mention the battle of Turner's Falls on May 18, or the

¹ See Charles H. Lincoln's *Narratives of the Indian Wars*, p. 90. N.Y. 1913.

the actions at Hadley and Hatfield on May 30, two of the most thrilling and spectacular engagements of the war, there is strong probability that upon these dates the manuscript containing the narrative was on its way to London.

Of the poems composing the "Tears" one is of especial interest, the elegy upon Governor Winthrop. Those who have touched upon the matter have taken it for granted that this elegy was identical with the broadside printed as a funeral elegy. Dr. Samuel Abbott Green based much of his proof that the "Tears" and the "Crisis" were both the work of Tompson upon the supposed identity of the elegy of the "Tears" with that of the broadside. Comparison will show that the two elegies, that in the "Tears," page 84, and that of the broadside, page 99, signed by Tompson, are not identical in a single line, and, though similar in style, are wholly different in detail. The common authorship of the two collections rests for proof upon the signature of Tompson to the next to the last poem of the "Crisis," and the practical identity of much of the material of the two collections. Style and mannerisms of poems not in both, moreover, show unmistakably that all are the work of one hand.

A careful examination of the poems in common to both the little booklets shows the "Tears" to be more accurately printed, to be more uniform in punctuation and capitalization, less old-fashioned, and somewhat less rugged where differences exist between the two texts. Some interpolations in the

London

London edition do not seem like Thompson's. Perhaps the changes were made by Thompson's London friend or by the printer. However that may be, the Boston edition is more successful, as a whole, as a piece of typography. Since the printing press had but recently been moved from Cambridge, this was one of the first books to be printed in Boston, and the first volume of verse printed in the English language in America.

"New Englands Crisis" is printed from the only perfect copy known, that of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, of San Gabriel, California, and with the kind permission of Mr. Huntington.

New Englands Crisis
Or a Brief
Narrative,

Of *NEW-ENGLANDS* Lamentable
Estate at present, compar'd with the for-
mer (but few) years of
Prosperity.

Occasioned by many unheard of *Cruel-
ties* practised upon the *Persons* and *Estates*
of its united *Colonies*, without respect of
Sex, Age or *Quality* of Persons, by the
Barbarous Heathen thereof.

Poetically Described.

By a Well-wisher to his
Country.

B O S T O N,
Printed and sold by *John Foster*, over against
the Sign of the Dove. 1676.

New-Englands Crisis

Or a Brief Narrative,

Of *NEW-ENGLANDS* Lamentable Estate
at present, compar'd with the former
(but few) years of
Prosperity.

Occasioned by many unheard of *Crueltyes* practised upon the *Persons* and *Estates* of its united *Colonies*, without respect of *Sex*, *Age* or *Quality* of *Persons*, by the Barbarous *Heathens* thereof.

Poetically Described.

By a Well wisher to his
Countrey.

BOSTON.

Printed and sold by *John Foster*, over against the
Sign of the *Dove*. 1676.

TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

I never thought this Babe of my weak Phantasie
worthy of an Imprimatur; but being an Abortive,
it was beg'd in these perplexing Times to be
cherished by the Charity of others. If its Lineaments
please not the Reader better than the Writer, I shall
be glad to see it prest to death: but if it displease not
many and satisfie any, its to me a glorious Reward,
who am more willing than able to any Service to my
Countrey and Friend,

Farewell

New

New-Englands Crisis

THE PROLOGUE.

THe times wherein old *Pompion* was a Saint,
When men far'd hardly yet without com-
plaint

On vilest *Cates*; the dainty *Indian Maize*
Was eat with *Clamp-shells* out of wooden Trays
Under thatcht *Hutts* without the cry of *Rent*,
And the best *Sawce* to every Dish, *Content*.
When Flesh was food, & hairy skins made coats,
And men as wel as birds had chirping Notes. [5]
When Cinnels were accounted noble bloud
Among the tribes of common herbage food.
Of *Ceres* bounty form'd was many a knack
Enough to fill *poor Robins Almanack*.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
Twas then among the bushes, not the street
If one in place did an inferiour meet,
Good morrow Brother, is there ought you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt.
Plain *Tom* and *Dick* would pass as currant now,
As ever since *Your Servant Sir* and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, *puritanick* capes
Which now would render men like upright Apes,
Was comlier wear our wiser Fathers thought
Than the cast fashions from all *Europe* brought.

Twas

Tw'as in those dayes an honest *Grace* would hold
Till an hot puddin grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs to religion
Than I to capon, turkey-cock or pigeon.
When honest Sisters met to pray not prate
About their own and not their neighbours state.
During *Plain Dealings* Reign, that worthy Stud
Of th' ancient planters race before the flood
These times were good, Merchants car'd not a rush
For other fare than *Jonakin and Mush*. [6]
Although men far'd and lodged very hard
Yet Innocence was better than a Guard.
Tw'as long before spiders & wormes had drawn
Their dungy webs or hid with cheating Lawne
New-Englands beautyes, which stil seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
Tw'as ere the neighbouring *Virgin-land* had broke
The Hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak.
Tw'as ere the Islands sent their Presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
Tw'as ere a *Barge* had made so rich a freight
As *Chocholatte*, dust-gold and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from *France* and *Moscovadoe* too
Without the which the drink will scarsly doe,
From western Isles, ere fruits and dilicacies,
Did rot maids teeth & spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No Bugbear Comets in the chrystal air
To drive our christian Planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth

But

But Valour snib'd it; then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands Angel like,
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the Churches rest, as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls. [7]
Freeness in Judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth they were our grand protec-
tion

These were the twins which in our Councells sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate,
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace:
But if *New-Englands* love die in its youth
The grave will open next for blessed Truth.
This *Theame* is out of date, the peacefull hours
When Castles needed not but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but bloud and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of *New-Englands* Urne.
New Englands hour of passion is at hand,
No power except Divine can it withstand;
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous Steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings:
So that the mirrour of the Christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her Streamers furl'd
Grief reigns, joyes flee and dismal fears surprize,
Not dastard spirits only but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big swoln Expectant standing by.
Thus the proud Ship after a little turn

Sinks

Sinks into *Neptunes* arms to find its Urn. [8]
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn.
Ev'n thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know. [9]

In

New - Englands Crisis.

IN seventy five the *Critick* of our years
Commenc'd our war with *Phillip* and his peers.
Whither the sun in *Leo* had inspir'd
A feav'rish heat, and *Pagan* spirits fir'd?
Whither some Romish Agent hatcht the plot?
Or whither they themselves? appeareth not.
Whither our infant thrivings did invite?
Or whither to our lands pretended right?
Is hard to say; but *Indian* spirits need
No grounds but lust to make a Christian bleed.

And here methinks I see this greazy *Lout*
with all his pagan slaves coil'd round about,
Assuming all the majesty his throne
Of rotten stump, or of the rugged stone
Could yield; casting some bacon-rine-like looks,
Enough to fright a Student from his books,
Thus treat his peers, & next to them his Commons,
Kennel'd together all without a summons. [10]
My friends, our Fathers were not half so wise
As we our selves who see with younger eyes.
They sel our land to english man who teach
Our nation all so fast to pray and preach:
Of all our countrey they enjoy the best,
And quickly they intend to have the rest.
This no wunnegin, so big matchit law,
Which our old fathers fathers never saw.

These

These english make and we must keep them too,
Which is too hard for them or us to doe,
We drink we so big whipt, but english they
Go sneep, no more, or else a little pay.
Me meddle Squaw me hang'd, our fathers kept
What Sqaws they would whither they wakt or slept.
Now if you'le fight Ile get you english coats,
And wine to drink out of their Captains throats.
The richest merchants houses shall be ours,
Wee'l ly no more on matts or dwell in bowers
Wee'l have their silken wives take they our Squaws,
They shall be whipt by virtue of our laws.
If ere we strike tis now before they swell
To greater swarmes then we know how to quell.
This my resolve, let neighbouring *Sachems* know,
And every one that hath club, gun or bow.
This was assented to, and for a close
He strokt his smutty beard and curst his foes. [11]
This counsel lightning like their tribes invade,
And something like a muster's quickly made,
A ragged regiment, a naked swarm,
Whome hopes of booty doth with courage arm,
Set forthwith bloody hearts, the first they meet
Of men or beasts they butcher at their feet.
They round our skirts, they pare, they fleece they kil,
And to our bordering towns do what they will.
Poor Hovills (better far then *Cæsars* court
In the experience of the meaner sort)
Receive from them their doom next execution,
By flames reduc'd to horror and confusion:
Here might be seen the smoking funeral piles

Of

Of wildred towns pitchd distant many miles.
Here might be seen the infant from the breast
Snatcht by a pagan hand to lasting rest:
The mother *Rachel*-like shrieks out my child
She wrings her hands and raves as she were wild.
The bruitish wolves suppress her anxious moan
By cruelties more deadly of her own.
Will she or nill the chastest turtle must
Tast of the pangs of their unbridled lust.
From farmes to farmes, from towns to towns they
post,

They strip, they bind, they ravish, flea and roast.
The beasts which wont their masters crib to know,
Over the ashes of their shelters low. [12]

What the inexorable flames doe spare
More cruel *Heathen* lug away for fare.
These tidings ebbing from the outward parts
Makes trades-men cast aside their wonted Arts
And study armes: the craving merchants plot
Not to augment but keep what they have got.
And every soul which hath but common sence
Thinks it the time to make a just defence.

Alarums every where resound in streets,
From *west* sad tidings with the *Eastern* meets.
Our common fathers in their Councils close
A martial treaty with the pagan foes,
All answers center here that fire and sword
Must make their *Sachem* universal Lord.
This armes the english with a resolution
To give the vaporing *Scab* a retribution.
Heav'ns they consult by prayer, the best design

A furious foe to quel or undermine.

RESOLV'D that from the *Massachusetts* bands

Be prest on service some *Herculean* hands

And certainly he wel deserv'd a jerke

That slipt the Collar from so good a work.

Some Volunteers, some by compulsion goe

To range the hideous forest for a foe.

The tender Mother now's all bowels grown,

Clings to her son as if they'd melt in one. [13]

Wives claspe about their husbands as the vine

Huggs the fair elm, while tears burst out like wine.

The new-sprung love in many a virgin heart

Swels to a mountain when the lovers part.

Nephews and kindred turn all springs of tears,

Their hearts are so surpriz'd with panick fears.

But dolefull shrieks of captives summon forth

Our walking castles, men of noted worth,

Made all of life, each Captain was a *Mars*,

His name too strong to stand ¹ on waterish verse:

Due praise I leave to some poetick hand

Whose pen and witts are better at command.

Methinks I see the *Trojan-horse* burst ² ope,

And such rush forth as might with giants cope:

These first the natives treachery felt, too fierce

For any but eye-witness to rehearse.

Yet sundry times in places where they came

Upon the Indian skins they carv'd their name.

The trees stood Centinels and bullets flew

From every bush (a shelter for their crew)

Hence came our wounds and deaths from every side

While skulking enemies squat undiscri'd,

That

¹ Printed in original, staud.

² Printed in original, bnrst.

That every stump shot like a musketeer,
And bowes with arrows every tree did bear
The swamps were Courts of Guard, thither retir'd
The stragling blew-coats when their guns were
fir'd, [14]

In dark Meanders, and these winding groves,
Where Beares & panthers with their Monarch moves
These far more cruel slily hidden lay,
Expecting english men to move that way.
One party lets them ip, the other greets
Them with the next thing to their winding-sheets;
Most fall, the rest thus startled back return,
And from their by past foes receive an urn.
Here fel a Captain, to be nam'd with tears,
Who for his Courage left not many peers,
With many more who scarce a number left
To tell how treacherously they were bereft.
This flusht the pagan courage, now they think
The victory theirs, not lacking meat or drink.
The ranging wolves find here and there a prey,
And having fil'd their paunch they run away
By their Hosts light, the thanks which they return
Is to lead Captives and their taverns burn.
Many whose thrift had stor'd for after use
Sustain their wicked plunder and abuse.
Poor peeple spying an unwonted light,
Fearing a Martyrdom, in sudden fright
Leap to the door to fly, but all in vain,
They are surrounded with a pagan train;
Their first salute is death, which if they shun
Some are condemn'd the Gauntelet to run; [15]
Death

Death would a mercy prove to such as those
Who feel the rigour of such hellish foes.
Posts daily on their *Pegasean* Steeds
Bring sad reports of worse than *Nero's* deeds,
Such brutish Murthers as would paper stain
Not to be heard in a Domitians Reign.
The field which nature hid is common laid,
And Mothers bodies ript for lack of aid.
The secret Cabinets which nature meant
To hide her master piece is open rent,
The half formd Infant there receives a death
Before it sees the light or draws its breath,
Many hot welcomes from the natives arms
Hid in their sculking holes many alarms
Our brethren had, and weary weary trants,
Sometimes in melting heats and pinching wants:
Sometimes the clouds with sympathizing tears
Ready to burst discharg'd about their ears:
Sometimes on craggy hills, anon in bogs
And miery swamps better befitting hogs,
And after tedious Marches little boast
Is to be heard of stewd or bakt or roast,
Their beds are hurdles, open house they keep
Through shady boughs the stars upon them peep,
Their chrystal drink drawn from the mothers breast
Disposes not to mirth but sleep and rest. [16]
Thus many dayes and weeks, some months run out
To find and quell the vagabonding rout,
Who like enchanted Castles fair appear,
But all is vanisht if you come but near,
Just so we might the *Pagan* Archers track

With

With towns and merchandize upon their back;
And thousands in the *South* who settled down
To all the points and winds are quickly blown.
At many meetings of their fleeting crew,
From whom like haile arrows and bullets flew:
The *English* courage with whole swarms dispute,
Hundreds they hack in pieces in pursuit.
Sed haud impunè, English sides do feel
As well as tawny skins the lead and steel
And some such gallant Sparks by bullets fell,
As might have curst the powder back to Hell:
Had only Swords these skirmishes decided
All *Pagan Sculls* had been long since divided.
The lingring war out-lives the Summer sun,
Who hence departs hoping it might be done,
Ere his return at *Spring* but ah hee'l find
The Sword ¹ still drawn, men of unchanged mind.
Cold winter now nibbles at hands and toes
And shrewdly pinches both our friends and foes.
Fierce *Boreas* whips the *Pagan* tribe together
Advising them to fit for foes and weather: [17]
The axe which late had tasted Christian bloud
Now sets its steely teeth to feast on wood.
The forests suffer now, by waight constrein'd
To kiss the earth with souldiers lately brain'd.
The lofty oakes and ash doe wagge the head
To see so many of their neighbours dead;
Their fallen carcasses are caried thence
To stand our enemies in their defence.
Their Myrmidons inclos'd with clefts of trees
Are busie like the ants or nimble bees:

And

¹ Printed in original, swotd.

And first they limber poles fix in the ground,
 In figure of the heavens convex: all round
 They draw their arras-matts and skins of beasts,
 And under these the Elves do make their nests.
Rome took more time to grow then twice six hours,
 But half that time will serve for indian bowers.
 A Citty shall be rear'd in one dayes space
 As shall an hundred english men out-face.
Canonicus precincts there swarmes unite,
 Rather to keep a winter guard then fight.
 A dern and dismal swamp some Scout had found
 Whose bosome was a spot of rising ground
 Hedg'd up with mighty oakes, maples and ashes,
 Nurst up with springs, quick boggs & miery plasches,
 A place which nature coyn'd on very nonce
 For tygers not for men to be a sconce. [18]
 Twas here these Monsters shapt and fac'd like men
 Took up there Rendezvouz and brumal den,
 Deeming the depth of snow, hail, frost and ice
 Would make our Infantry more tame and wise
 Then by by forsaking beds and loving wives,
 Meerly for indian skins to hazzard lives:
 These hopes had something calm'd the boiling passion
 Of this incorrigible warlike nation.
 During this short *Parenthesis* of peace
 Our forces found, but left him not at ease.
 Here english valour most illustrious shone,
 Finding their numbers ten times ten to one.
 A shower of leaden hail our captains feel
 Which made the bravest blades among us reel.
 Like to some ant-hill newly spurn'd abroad,
Where

Where each takes heels and bears away his load:
Instead of plate and jewels, indian trays
With baskets up they snatch and run their wayes.
Sundry the flames arrest and some the blade,
By bullets heaps on heaps of Indians laid.
The Flames like lightening in their narrow streets
Dart in the face of every one it meets.
Here might be heard an hideous indian cry,
Of wounded ones who in the Wigwams fry.
Had we been *Canibals* here might we feast
On brave *Westphalia* gammons ready drest. [19]
The tauny hue is Ethiopick made
Of such on whome *Vulcan* his clutches laid.
There fate was sudden, our advantage great
To give them once for all a grand defeat;
But tedious travell had so cramp't our toes
It was too hard a task to chase the foes.
Distinctness in the numbers of the slain,
Or the account of Pagans which remain
Are both uncertain, losses of our own
Are too too sadly felt, too sadly known.
War digs a common grave for friends and foes,
Captains in with the common souldier throws.
Six of our Leaders in the first assault
Crave readmission to their Mothers Vault
Who had they fell in antient *Homers* dayes
Had been enrol'd with *Hecatombs* of praise.
As clouds disperst, the natives troops divide,
And like the streames along the thickets glide.
Some breathing time we had, & short God knowes
But new alarums from recruited foes

Bounce

Bounce at our eares, the mounting clouds of smoak
 From martyr'd townes the heav'ns for aid invoke:
 Churches, barns, houses with most ponderous things
 Made volatile fly ore the land with wings.
 Hundreds of cattle now they sacrifice
 For aiery spirits up to gormandize; [20]
 And to the *Molech* of their hellish guts,
 Which craves the flesh in gross, their ale in butts.
Lancaster, Medfield, Mendon wildred *Groton*,
 With many Villages by me not thought on
 Dy in their youth by fire that usefull foe,
 Which this grand cheat the world will overflow.
 The wandring Priest to every one he meets
 Preaches his Churches funeral in the streets.
 Sheep from their fold are frightened, Keepers too
 Put to their trumps not knowing what to doe.
 This monster Warre hath hatcht a beauteous dove
 In dogged hearts, of most unfeigned love,
 Fraternal love the livery of a Saint
 Being come in fashion though by sad constraint,
 Which if it thrive and prosper with us long
 Will make *New-England* forty thousand strong.

But off the Table hand, let this suffice

As the abridgment of our miseryes.

If Mildew, Famine, Sword, and fired Townes,

If Slaughter, Captivating, Deaths and wounds,

If daily whippings once reform our wayes,

These all will issue in our Fathers Praise;

If otherwise, the sword must never rest

Till all New-Englands Glory it divest. [21]

What

A Supplement.

What means this silence of *Harvardine*
 quilts
 While *Mars* triumphant thunders on our
 hills.

Have pagan priests their Eloquence confin'd
 To no mans use but the mysterious mind?
 Have Pawaws charm'd that art which was so rife
 To crouch to every Don that lost his life?
 But now whole towns and Churches fire and dy
 Without the pitty of an *Elegy*.
 Nay rather should my quilts were they all swords
 Wear to the hilts in some lamenting words.
 I dare not stile them poetry but truth,
 The dwingling products of my crazy youth.
 If these essayes shall raise some quainter pens
 Twil to the Writer make a rich amends.

Marlburyes Fate.

When *Londons* fatal bills were blown abroad
 And few but Specters travel'd on the road,
 Not towns but men in the black bill enrol'd
 Were in *Gazetts* by *Typographers* sold:
 But our *Gazetts* without *Errataes* must
 Report the plague of towns reduct to dust: [22]
 And feavers formerly to tenants sent
 Arrest the timbers of the tenement.
 Ere the late ruines of old *Groton's* cold,

Of

Of *Marlbury's* peracute disease we're told.
The feet of such who neighbouring dwellings urn'd
Unto her ashes, not her doors return'd.
And what remain'd of tears as yet unspent
Are to its final gasps a tribute lent.
If painter overtrack my pen let him
An olive colour mix, these elves to trim;
Of such an hue let many thousand thieves
Be drawn like Scare-crows clad with oaken leaves,
Exhausted of their verdant life and blown
From place to place without an home to own.
Draw Devils like themselves, upon their cheeks
The banks for grease and mud, a place for leeks.
Whose locks *Medusaes* snakes, do ropes resemble,
And ghostly looks would make *Achilles* tremble.
Limm them besmear'd with Christian Bloud & oild
With fat out of white humane bodies boil'd.
Draw them with clubs like maules & full of stains,
Like *Vulcans* anvilling *New-Englands* brains.
Let round be gloomy forrests with crag'd rocks
Where like to castles they may hide their flocks,
Till opportunity their cautious friend
Shall jogge them fiery worship to attend. [23]
Shew them like serpents in an avious path
Seeking to sow the fire-brands of their wrath.
Most like *Æneas* in his cloak of mist,
Who undiscover'd move where ere they list
Cupid they tell us hath too sorts of darts.
One sharp and one obtuse, one causing wounds,
One piercing deep the other dull rebounds,
But we feel none but such as drill our hearts.

From

From Indian sheaves which to their shoulders cling,
Upon the word they quickly feel the string.
Let earth be made a screen to hide our woe
From Heavens Monarch and his Ladies too;
And least our Jealousie think they partake,
For the red stage with clouds a curtain make.
Let dogs be gag'd and every quickning sound
Be charm'd to silence, here and there all round
The town to suffer, from a thousand holes
Let crawl these fiends with brands and fired poles,
Paint here the house & there there the barn on fire,
With holocausts ascending in a spire.
Here granaries, yonder the Churches smoak
Which vengeance on the actors doth invoke.
Let *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes have bound
In feather-beds some, some upon the ground,
That none may burst his drowsie shackles till
The bruitish pagans have obtain'd their will, [24]
And *Vulcan* files them off then *Zeuxis* paint
The phrenzy glances of of the sinking saint.
Draw there the Pastor for his bible crying,
The souldier for his sword, The Glutton frying
With streams of glory-fat, the thin-jaw'd Miser
Oh had I given this I had been wiser.
Let here the Mother seem a statue turn'd
At the sad object of her bowels burn'd.
Let the unstable weakling in belief
Be mounting *Ashurs* horses for relief.
Let the half Convert seem suspended twixt
The dens of darkness, and the Planets fixt,
Ready to quit his hold, and yet hold fast

By

By the great *Atlas* of the Heavens vast.
 Paint Papists muttering ore their apish beads
 Whome the blind follow while the blind man leads.
 Let *Ataxy* be mounted on a throne
 Imposing her Commands on every one,
 A many-headed monster without eyes
 To see the wayes which wont to make men wise.
 Give her a thousands tongues with wings and hands
 To be ubiquitary in Commands,
 But let the concave of her skull appear
 Clean washt and empty quite of all but fear,
 One she bids flee, another stay, a third
 She bids betake him to his rusty sword, [25]
 This to his treasure, th'other to his knees,
 Some counsels she to fry and some to freeze,
 These to the garison, those to the road,
 Some to run empty, some to take their load:
 Thus while confusion most mens hearts divide
 Fire doth their small exchequer soon decide.
 Thus all things seeeming ope or secret foes,
 An Infant may grow old before a close,
 But yet my hopes abide in perfect strength.

The Town called *Providence* Its Fate.

Why muse wee thus to see the wheelles run cross
 Since *Providence* it self sustaines a loss:
 And yet should *Providence* forget to watch
 I fear the enemy would all dispatch;

Celestial

Celestial lights would soon forget their line,
The wandering planets would forget to shine,
The stars run all out of their common spheres,
And quickly fall together by the eares:
Kingdoms would jostles out their Kings and set
The poor Mechanick up whome next they met,
Or rather would whole kingdoms with the world
Into a *Chaos* their first egge be hurl'd.
Ther's none this Providence of the Most High
Who can survive and write its Elegie: [26]
But of a solitary town I write,
A place of darkness yet receiving light
From pagan hands, a miscellanious nest
Of errors Hectors, where they sought a rest
Out of the reach of Lawes but not of God,
Since they have felt the smart of common rod.
Twas much I thought they did escape so long,
Who Gospel truth so manifestly wronge:
For one *Lots* sake perhaps, or else I think
Justice did at greatest offenders wink
But now the shott is paid, I hope the dross
Will be cashiered in this common loss.
Houses with substance feel uplifting wings,
The earth remains, the last of humane things:
But know the dismal day draws neer wherein
The fire shall earth it self dissolve and sin.

On

Seaconk Plain Engagement.

On our *Pharsalian Plaines*, comprizing space
For *Cæsars* host brave *Pompey* to outface,
An handfull of our men are walled round
With Indian swarmes; anon their pieces sound
A *Madrigal* like heav'ns artillery
Lightning and thunderbolts their bullets fly.
Her's hosts to handfulls, of a fevv they leave
Fewer to tell how many they bereave. [27]
Fool-hardy fortitude it had been sure
Fierce storms of shot and arrows to endure
Without all hopes of some requital to
So numerous and pestilent a foe.
Some musing a retreat and thence to run,
Have in an instant all their business done,
They sink and all their sorrows ponderous weight
Down at their feet they cast and tumble straight.
Such who outliv'd the fate of others fly
Into the Irish bogs of misery.
Such who might dye like men like beasts do range
Uncertain whither for a better change,
These Natives hunt and chase with currish mind,
And plague with crueltyes such as they find.
When shall this shower of Bloud be over? When?
Quickly we pray oh Lord! say thou Amen.

Seaconk or Rehoboths Fate.

I once conjectur'd that those tygers hard
To reverend *Newmans* bones would have regard,
But were all *SAINTS* they met twere all one case,
They have no rev'ence to an Angels face:
But where they fix their griping lions paws
They rend without remorse or heed to laws.
Rehoboth here in common english, Rest
They ransack, *Newmans* Relicts to molest. [28]
Here all the town is made a publick stage
Whereon these *Nimrods* act their monstrous rage.
All crueltyes which paper stain'd before
Are acted to the life here ore and ore.

Chelmsfords Fate.

Ere famous *Winthrops* bones are laid to rest
The pagans *Chelmsford* with sad flames arrest,
Making an artificial day of night
By that plantations formidable light.
Here's midnight shrieks and Soul-amazing moanes,
Enough to melt the very marble stones:
Fire-brands and bullets, darts and deaths and wounds
Confusive outcryes every where resounds:
The natives shooting with the mixed cryes,
With all the crueltyes the foes devise
Might fill a volume, but I leave a space
For mercyes still successive in there place

Not

Not doubting but the foes have done their worst,
And shall by heaven suddenly be curst.

*Let this dear Lord the sad Conclusion be
Of poor New-Englands dismal tragedy.
Let not the glory of thy former work
Blasphemed be by pagan Jew or Turk:
But in its funeral ashes write thy Name
So fair all Nations may expound the same:
Out of her ashes let a Phoenix rise
That may outshine the first and be more wise. [29]*
B. Tompson.

ON

A FORTIFICATION

At Boston begun by Women.

Dux Fœmina Facti.

A Grand attempt some Amazonian Dames
Contrive whereby to glorify their names,
A Ruff for *Boston* Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from side to side from surfe to surfe,
Their nimble hands spin up like Christmas pyes,
Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.
The wheel at home counts it an holiday,
Since while the Mistris worketh it may play.
A tribe of female hands, but manly hearts
Forsake at home their pasty-crust and tarts
To knead the dirt, the samplers down they hurle,
Their undulating silks they closely furle.
The pick-axe one as a Commandress holds,
While t'other at her awkness gently scolds.

One

One puffs and sweats, the other mutters why
Cant you promove your work so fast as I?
Some dig, some delve, and others hands do feel
The little waggons weight with single wheel. [30]
And least some fainting fits the weak surprize,
They want no sack nor cakes, they are more wise.
These brave essayes draw forth Male stronger hands
More like to Dawbers than to Martial bands:
These do the work, and sturdy bulwarks raise,
But the beginners well deserve the praise. [31]

FINIS.

New-Englands Tears

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New-Englands Tears
FOR HER
Present Miseries:
OR,
A Late and True RELATION of
the CALAMITIES of
NEW-ENGLAND

Since *APRIL* last past.

With an Account of the Battel between the
English and *Indians* upon *Seaconk Plain*:

And of the *Indians* Burning and Destroying of
Marlbury, *Rehoboth*, *Chelmsford*, *Sudbury*,
and *Providence*.

With the Death of *Antononies* the Grand *Indian*
Sachem; And a RELATION of a Fortification be-
gun by Women upon *Boston Neck*. Together with
an Elegy on the Death of *John Winthrop* Esq;
late Governour of *Connecticott*, and Fellow of the
Royal Society.

*Written by an Inhabitant of Boston in New England to
his Friend in London. With Allowance.*

LONDON Printed for N. S. 1676.

A
NARRATIVE
OF
New Englands
PRESENT
CALAMITIES.

15 April 1676.

WHAT means this silence of *Harvardine*
Quills
Whilst *Mars* Triumphant thunders on
our Hills?

Have *Pagan* Priests their Eloquence confin'd
To no mans use but the mysterious Mind?
Have *PAWWS* charm'd that Art which was so rife
To crouch to every *DON* that lost his life?
But now whole Towns and Churches fire and die,
Without the pity of an Elegy. [1]
Nay, rather should my Quills, were they all Swords,
Wear to the Hilts in some lamenting words:
I dare not stile them Poetry, but Truth,
The dwindling products of my crazie youth;
If these Essays shall rouze some quainter Pens
'Twill to the Author make a rich amends.

When

Marlburies Fate.

WHEN *London's* fatal Bills were blown abroad,
 And few but Specters travel'd on the Road,
 Not Towns, but Men in the black page inroll'd
 Were in Gazets by *Typographers* sold;
 But our Gazets without Errata's Must
 Report the Plague of Towns reduc'd to Dust:
 And Feavors, but ere while to Tenants sent
 Arrest the Timbers of the Tenement.

Ere the late ruins of poor *Groton's* cold,
 Of *Marlburies* peracute Disease we're told;
 The feet of such, who neighb'ring dwellings urn'd
 Unto its ashes, not its doors return'd.
 So what remain'd of Tears as yet unspent
 Are to its final gasps a Tribute lent.

If Painter ever track my Pen, let him
 An Olive colour mix, these Elves to trim;
 Of such an hue, let many hundred Thieves
 Be drawn like Scarecrows clad with Oaken leaves,
 Exhausted of their Verdant Life, and blown
 From place to place without a home to own:
 Draw Devils like themselves, upon their cheeks
 Those Banks of Grease and Mud a plat for Leeks;
 Whose dangling Locks *Medusa's* Snakes resemble,
 With grizly looks would make *Achilles* tremble.
 Limn them besmear'd with Christian blood, and oyl'd
 With fat out of white humane Bodies boyld. [2]
 Draw

Draw them with Clubs like Mauls, all full of stains;
Like *Vulcan's* anvellling *New Englands* brains:
Let round be gloomy Forrests, and thick Rocks;
Where like to Castles they may hide their Flocks:
Till opportunity their constant friend,
Shall jogge them *Vulcan's* Worship to attend.
Shew them like Serpents in an avious path,
Waiting to sow the Fire-balls of their wrath.
Much like *Aeneas*, in his cloak of mist,
Who undiscover'd, move where ere they list.
Cupid some tell us, had two sorts of Darts,
But we feel none, but such as drill our hearts;
From *Indian* sheaves which to their shoulders cling,
Upon the Word they quickly feel the string.
Hide first the *Sun* beneath the Earth, and quench
In *Thetis* boul the Stars; the *Lunar* Wench
So mutable in fashions, make her happe
To lie a slumbering in *Apollo's* lappe.
Let Earth be made a Screen to hide our woe,
From Heaven's Monarch, and his Ladies too:
And least our jealousie think they partake,
For the Red Stage with Clouds a Curtain make.
Let Doggs be gagg'd, and every quickning sound,
Be charm'd to silence: here and there all round,
The Town, to suffer. From a thousand holes
Let crawl those Fiends with brands and firing Poles.
Paint here an House and there a Barn on fire,
With Holocausts ascending in a spire.
Here Granaries, yonder the Churches smoke,
Which Vengeance on the Actors did invoke.
Let *Morpheus* with his Leaden Keys have bound

In

In Feather beds some, some upon the Ground,
 That none may burst his drousie Shackles till
 The Bruitish Pagans have obtain'd their will,
 And *Vulcan* files them off. Then *Zeuxis* paint
 The phrensie glances of the Sinking Saint.
 Draw there the Pastor for his Bible crying,
 The Souldier for his Sword, the Glutton frying [3]
 With Streams of glory fat. The thin-jaw'd Miser,
 Ah had I given this, I had been wiser.
 Let here the Mother seem a Statue turn'd,
 At the sad object of her Bowels burn'd.
 Let the unstable Weakling in belief,
 Be mounting *Ashur's* Horses for relief.
 Let the half Convert seem suspended 'twixt
 The Dens of Darkness and the Planets fixt.
 Ready to quit his hold and yet hold fast
 By the great *Atlas* of the Heavens vast.
 Paint Papists mutt'ring over apish Beads,
 Whom the Blind follow while the Blindman leads.
 Let *ATTAXIE* be mounted on a Throne,
 Imposing her Commands on every one:
 A many-headed Monster without Eyes,
 To see the Wayes which wont to make men wise.
 Give her a Thousand Tongues with Wings and Hands
 To be Ubiquitary in commands:
 But let the Concave of her Soul appear,
 Washt Clean and Empty, quite of all but fear.
 One she bids run, another stay, a third
 She bids betake him to his rusty Sword;
 This to his treasure, t'other to his Knees,
 Some Counsels she to fry, and some to freeze:

These

These to the Garrisons, those to the Load;
 Some to run empty, some to take the Load.
 Thus while Confusion, most mens hearts divide,
 Fire doth the small Exchequer soon decide.
 Thus all things seeming ope or secret foes,
 An Infant may grow gray before a close.
 But yet my hopes remain in perfect strength,
New England will be prosperous once at length. [4]

Providences Fate.

VHy muse we thus, to see the Wheels
 run cross,
 Since Providence it self, sustains a
 loss:

Should Providence, but one day miss its watch,
 I fear the Enemy would all dispatch,
 Resplendent *Phæbus* would forget to shine,
 The wandring Planets, to forget their Line.
 The Stars run all out of their proper spheres,
 And quickly fall together by the eares;
 The Ocean would forget to ebbe and flow,
 The Mother cease the tender babe to know.
 Kingdoms would jostle out their Kings and set,
 The Vile Mechanick up who next they met:
 Or rather Kings, and Kingdoms, with the World,
 Would into Chaos its first rise be turn'd:
 This sacred Providence of the Most High,
 None can outlive and write its Elegy.
 But of a solitary Town I write,
 A place of darkness, yet receiving light

From

From Pagans hands; a miscellaneous nest
 Of Errours, Hectors, where they sought a rest
 Out of the reach of Laws, but not of God;
 Since they have smarted by the common Rod.
 'Twas much I thought it did escape so long,
 Which sacred truth did manifestly wrong;
 For one *Lots* sake perhaps, or else I think,
 Justice did long at great offenders wink.
 'Tis happy for them, if their filth and dross,
 Be cleansed off, though by a common loss.

Seaconk Plain Engagement.

ON our *Pharsalian* Plain, containing space
 For *Cæsar's* Armies, *Pompey's* to outface,
 An handful of our men are walled round,
 With Tawny Bands, anon their pieces sound [5]
 A Madrigal; like Hail the Bullets fly,
 An Emblem of Heavens Artillery.
 Heres Hosts to Handfuls, of a few they leave
 Fewer to tell how many they bereave.
 Fool hardy Fortitude, it had been sure,
 Thousands of Shot, and Arrows to endure:
 Without all hopes of some requital too,
 So numerous and pestilent a foe.
 Most Fought like *Dragons*; through this *Indian* mist,
 The Beams of Valour break where e'r they list.
 Who died ('tis thought) sold lives at such a rate,
 As doth the fury of the foes abate.
 Some musing a Retreat, and thence to run,
 Have in an instant, all their business done.

They

They Sink, and Die, their wonted sorrows weight,
 They Tumble at their Feet, and follow strait.
 Here Captious ones, without their Queries lie,
 The Quaker here, the Presbyterian by.
 The Scruple dormant lies of thee and thou,
 And most as one to Deaths dominion bow.
 Such who out-live the fate of others fly,
 Into the Neighbouring Swamps of misery.
 Those who might die like men, like beasts must range,
 Uncertain whither for a better change.
 Such Natives hunt and chase with Tygers mind,
 And plague with Cruelties such as they find.
 When shall this showre of Blood be over? when?
 Quickly we pray (good Lord) say thou *Amen*.

Rehoboth's Fate.

I Once conjectur'd that these Figures hard,
 To reverend *Newman's* Bones would have regard.
 But were all Saints they met, it were all one case,
 They owe no Reverence to an Angels Face.
 But where they fix their Monstrous Lion Paw's,
 They Rend without remorse or heed to Laws [6]
Rehoboth here in our plain English Rest,
 They ransack, *NEWMAN's* Reliques they molest.
 Here all the Town is made a publick stage,
 Whereon these *Nimrods* act their Monstrous rage;
 And Cruelties which Paper stain'd before,
 Are acted to the life here ore and ore.
 Let this, dear Lord, the sad Conclusion be
 Of poor *New-Englands* fatal Tragedie.

Let

Let not the Glory of thy former work,
 Blasphemed lie by *Pagan, Jew, or Turk*.
 But in *New-Englands* Ashes write thy Name,
 So fair all Nations may expound the same.
 Out of these Ruins, let a Phænix rise,
 That may outshine the first, and be more wise.

Another black Parenthesis of woe,
 The Printer wills that all the world should know.

Upon the setting of that Occidental Star
John Winthrop Esq; Governour of
Connecticott Colony, Member of the
Royal Society; who deceased in his
Countreys Service 6 April 1676.

NIne Muses, get you all but one to sleep,
 But spare *Melpomene*, with me to weep.
 From you whose bleared Eyes have Lectures
 read,

Of many of our *English* Heroe's dead.
 I beg a glance from Spectacles of Woe,
 (Quotidian Gazets) Brave *Winthrop* to.
 Whose death Terrestrial Comets did portend,
 To every one who was his Countreys friend.
 The Blaze of Towns was up like Torches light,
 To guide him to his Grave, who was so fit
 To rule, or to obey, to live or die:
 (A special Favorite of the Most High)

Monarch

Monarch of Natures Secrets, who did hold,
Its grand Elixir named the *Star* of *GOLD*. [7]
Or else the World mistakes, and by his deeds,
Of Daily Charities Expence he needs.
But had he it, he wiser was than so,
That every Ape of Artists should it know.
He had the System of the Universe,
Too Glorious for any to Rehearse.
As *Moses* took the Law in Clouds and Fire;
Which Vulgars barr'd at distance much admire.
Thus was he taught the precious Art of healing,
(Judge we but by success) at Gods revealing.
He mounted up the Stairs of Sciences,
Unto the place of Visions which did please.
Where on the Pinnacle of worldly skill,
On Kingdoms of all Arts, he gaz'd his fill.
Into his Thoughts Alembick we may think,
He crouded Stars to make a Diet Drink.
(I mean) Terrestrial Stars which in the Earth,
Receive their vitals and a Mineral Birth:
That *Proteus*, *Mercury*, he could compel,
Most soberly well fixt at home to dwell.
Of Salt (which Cooks do use for Eggs and Fishes)
He made a Balsom better than all Riches;
And Sulphur too provided for mens woe,
He made an Antidote Diseases to.
This Terrene three, were made by Fire his friends,
To bring about his *ARCHIATRICK* ends.
He saw the World, which first had only shade,
And after rich Embroideries on it laid,
Of Glorious Light; how the Homogeneal spark,

Did

Did first Rebell against the Central dark.
 He saw the Jemms how first they budded, and
 The Birth of Minerals, which put to stand
 Natures grand Courtiers. He knew the Womb
 From whom the Various Tribes of Herbs did come.
 He had been round the Philosophick sea,
 And knew the Tincture if there any be:
 But all his Art must lie, there's no Disease
 Predominant, where he doth take his Ease: [8]
 Outliving *Theophrast*, he shew'd thereby
 Himself Hermetick, more surpassing high
TRISMEGESTOS I'll stile him; first in Grace,
 Thrice great in *ART*, the next deserving place;
 Thrice High in humble Carriage, and who,
 Would not to Highest Meekness ready bow?
England and *Holland* did great *Winthrop* woe;
 Both had experienc'd Wonders he could doe.
 But poor *New-England* stole his humble Heart,
 From whose deep Wounds he never would depart:
 His Council Balsome like, he poured in,
 And plaistred up its Breaches made by sin.
 Natives themselves, in parlies would confess,
 Brave *Winthrops* Charity and Holiness.
 The Time he rul'd, War never toucht his bound,
 When Fire, and Sword, and Death, raged all round.
 Above whose reach he reigns in Glories Rays,
 Singing with all the Saints his Makers praise.

Greater

EPITAPHIUM

Greater Renown than Boston could contain,
Doth underneath this Marble-stone remain:
Which could it feel but half so well as we,
'Twould melt to Tears and let its Prisoner free.

Chelmsfords Fate.

Ere Famous *Winthrops* Bones are laid to rest,
The Pagans *Chelmsford* with sad Flames
arrest;
Making an artificial day of night,
By that Plantations formidable light.
Here's midnight shreekes, and soul amazing groanes,
Enough to melt the very Marble-stones:
Fire-brands, and Bullets, Darts, and Deaths, and
Wounds,
Confusive Noyses every where resounds: [9]
The Natives shouting, with the English cries:
With all the Cruelties the Foes devise,
Might fill a Volume: but I leave a space,
For mercies yet successive in their place:
Not doubting but the foes have done their worst,
And shall by Heaven, suddainly be curst.

Once

Sudburies Fate.

ONce more run Lacquey Muse the Council
 tell,
 What sad Defeat our hopeful Band befell:
 Since Fifty odd of Valours choicest Sons,
 Sinke into Deaths retiring Room at once.
 The Natives Scouts, like living baits were trail'd,
 With Umbrages of mighty Rocks and Holes;
 (Fit Pallaces for such perfidious souls.
 Some to our Linx-ey'd Centinels appear,
 And quickly run as if possest with fear:
 Ours chase, they halt; We gain, they lightly fly,
 As if some *Gad* be stung upon the Thigh.
 One while they linger, falsly to give hope,
 While to trapan, is their disguised scope;
 Into a Labyrinth) or a natural maze,
 Of hideous thickets and unbeaten wayes;
 Ours close pursue them, and as close their fate,
 Smelling their Treachery when 'twas too late,
 A Race of Natives, as if newly hatcht,
 Starts from their Dens, and soon our friends dispatch,
 Here was of *Indians* too a plenteous Fair,
 The Chapmen Devils, hovering in the Air:
 But ah with Tears I may the Reader tell,
 A little Host of English down there fell:
 Two hardy Captains, many manly hearts,
 Then felt the Bullets with the venom'd darts.
 The Parents Vesture with the purple stain'd
 Of his *Ascanius* by him newly braind.

Euryalus

Euryalus his Soul reaks through the wound, [10]
Of *Nisus* gasping by upon the ground;
While the *Rutilian* like enraged bears,
The Garments; with Mens Skins, asunder tears:
One seeks his Head, scrambling for breathing room,
By *Lethal* pangs; a second reads his doom
In Vellome Rolls, flead off his right hand man:
Which they send home for Sagamores to tan;
With Scalpes, according to whose number they,
Receive brave Titles and some rich Array:
Our numerous Scars, like stars in bodies shone,
Who have for each a glorious Trophie wone:
From this *Aceldama* they post away,
To the Grand General for their ready pay:
While fellow Soudiers who escape the dint,
Bounce our Exchecquers, but find little in't.

CELEUSMA MILITARE.

B *Ut know stout hearts that Diadems and Crowns,
Will powre down from Heaven after your
wounds;
And you shall find in Honours Lists a place,
Where Dastard Spirits dare not shew their Face.*

About

About this time Died Major *Willard* Esq; who had continued one of our Senators many years, and Head of the *Massachuset* Bands. In 23 *April* 1676.

EPITAPHIUM.

Great, Good, and Just, Valiant, and Wise,
 New-Englands common Sacrifice:
 The Prince of War, the Bond of Love,
 A True Herorick Martial Dove:
 Pardon I croud his Parts so close,
 Which all the World in measure knows.
 We envy Death, and well we may,
 Who keeps him under Lock and Key. [11]

His Praises will, or are more largely celebrated; but let this be accepted according to the Nature of my Writings, which are but Brief and General.

The Indians threaten to Dine at Boston on our Election.

THe hungry Dogs, scenting the bay good
 Cheer,
 Give out Bravadoes that they will be here.
 But hopes we have of an Election day,
 Although their Votes and Proxies keep away.
 We think they will our Ammunition smell,
 Which from our friends beyond Sea us befell.

M. J. Antonomies *the Grand*
Sachems Death.

A Breathing time of silence had my Pen,
But finds a scribling matter once agen.
In *Narraganset* Land near *Paquetuck*,
The English with the Natives try a pluck:
Here in an Isthmus pitcht the foes their tents,
Here quartered their naked Regiments:
Some grope for Lobsters, some to clamp banks run,
And some lie beautifying in the Sun:
Some sit in Council, others treating squaws;
Some grinding parcht Corn with the Querns their
Jawes.

Some sing their Captains dooms, others are lousing,
Some pawawing, some wenching, and some drousing.
And herein *ANTONOMIE* among the rest,
All up in Wampam Belts, most richly drest:
Sate as the Dagon of their motley crew,
Not thinking that his downfal would insue:
Whose Pedegree should I presume to write,
To *Hesiods Theognis* run I might.
Our Checquer'd Bands of Whites and Tawnies joyn'd,
These in their close Retirements quickly find;
Down to the Earth our Martial gallants fall,
And like to insects on the Natives crawl.
Old *UNCUS* tribe who ever had been true,
Upon the moving Forrest nimbly flew. [12]
The English them as they are flying meet,
And multitudes they tumble at their feet.

Some

Some captiv'd, others wounded, many slain,
 Like *Hydra's* Heads, yet ne'r the less remain.
 And here that *Lucifer* receives defeat,
 Who scorns with any less then Princes treat.
 What Necklace could *New-England* better please,
 Then Heads strung thick upon a thred of these,
 Him they dispatch, and hundreds more are hurl'd,
 Him to attend upon in th'other world:
 Whose hunting bouts will heavily go on,
 His Legs must stay until the Head come on.
 That phansie which so stiffly they maintain,
 That such on hunting go who hence are slain:
 I hope ere long will quite convinced be,
 By many Heads chopt off as fine as he:
 His (a brave present) kist the grateful Hand,
 Of Dons who in our Southern Tract command.

¹ Least such *Mæcenas's* beyond Sea should,
 Restrain their yearly showrs of Goods and Gold,
 Be

¹ This paragraph probably alludes in its beginning not only to the commercial support of English traders, but to the financial aid given to the colonists by religious societies in England towards Christianizing the Indians. During the war this work was interrupted, and the popular cry against the natives was such that Indians could not be tried fairly in Massachusetts courts, nor could those who had murdered peaceful Indians in cold blood be convicted by juries. The Christian Indians were herded together in conditions of great hardship upon Deer Island in Boston Harbor. Daniel Gookin, the official commissioner of the colony for the Indians, one of the finest spirited men of the colony, was in personal danger of mob violence which threatened the massacre of these helpless natives. He and a few others seem to have stood between the colony and what would have been the deepest stain upon its history. Tompson in the lack of his usual attitude of

Be pleas'd to know there is an hopeful race,
 Who as you oft have been inform'd have grace.
 These are confin'd under Christian Wings,
 And hopes we have never to feel their stings.
 A natural Prison wall'd with Sea and Isles,
 From our Metropolis not many miles,

Contains

reverence towards ministers and magistrates, or at least with mixed feelings, seems to reflect the spirit of the crowd.

The accident referred to is vividly written into the record of the Roxbury Church in the hand of the Apostle Eliot himself as follows:

[1676] "on the 7^t day of the 2^d month, Capt. Gookins, m^r Danforth & m^r Stoughton w^r sent by the Councill, to order matters at long Iland [in Boston Harbor] for the Indians planting there y^ei called me wth y^m in o^r way thither, a great boat of about 14 ton, meeting us, turned head upon us, (weth^r wilfully or by negligenc, God he knoweth) y^ei run the sterne o^r boate w^r we 4 sat, under water, o^r boats saile, or something tangled wth the great boat, & by Gods mercy kept to it, Cosin Jakob. & Cosin Perrie being forwarder in o^r boat quickly got up into the great boat, I so sunke y^t I drank in salt water twice, & could not help it. God assisted my two cousins to deliver us all, & help us up into the great boat we were not far fro' the Castle, where we went ashore, dried, & refreshed, & yⁿ went to the Iland p^rformed o^r work, returned well home at night praised be the Lord. some thanked God & some wished we had been drowned. Soone after, one y^t wished we had bene drowned, was himself drowned about the same place w^r we w^r so wonderfully delivered, the history w^r off is" [Here the account breaks off] — *Sixth Report Boston Records Commissioners*, Roxbury Church Records, p. 193.

The person referred to by Eliot may have been Freegrace Bendal or James Edmunds, a commission merchant, both of whom with Mrs. Bendal and a "Quaker female" were drowned in Boston Harbor about two months afterwards. See Sewall's *Diary*, I, 13, June 6, 1676; see also *Roxbury Church Records* "month 4th, day 6." Eliot still further says in the above record: "month 3, day 4. [1676] Election day, the people in theire dis-temper, left out Capt. Gookins & put him off the Bench."

Contains their swarms: hither upon advice,
 Some Grandees venturing powerful and wise;
 In a small Vessel on a time did tend,
 Three Dons with their great Apostolick friend:
 Ere they arrive a Barge runs down their Boat,
 Mean-while these Worthies three must sink or float.

Their Loaves for comfort round about them swam,
 And from their Bottles Neptune drinks a dram,
 He gap'd for men and all, but as God pleas'd
 By sturdy tackles of that care he's eas'd, [13]
 With like observance to *November's* day,
 Keep the remembrance of this passage pray.

*On the Fortifications began by Women
 upon Boston Neck.*

A Grand attempt the *Amazonian* dames,
 Contrive, whereby to glorify their names.
 A Ruffe for *Bostons* Neck of mud and turfe,
 Reaching from side to side, from surfe to surfe.
 Their nimble Hands spin up like Christmas Pies.
 Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.
 Their Wheelles at home count it an Holyday
 While Mistresses are working they may play.
 A tribe of Peticoates with manly hearts,
 Forsake at home their Pasticrust and Tarts:
 To knead the dirt, their Samplets down they hurle,
 Their undulating Silks they closely furle.
 The Pickaxe one as a Commandress holds,
 Another at her awkness gently scolds.

One holds her side, while *Hypocondrick* fumes,
Do tympanize her Pericardian roomes
This puffs and sweats, the other grumbles why
Can't you promote your work so fast as I.
Some dig and delve, while others hands do feel,
The little Waggon's weight with single wheel:
And least some fainting fit, the weak surprize,
They want not Sack and Cakes; they are more wise.
These brave Essays drew forth mens nervous hands,
More like to Daubers than to Martial Bands.
These do the work and sturdy Bulwarks raise,
But those who first began deserve the praise. [14]

FINIS.

A Funeral Tribute to
John Winthrop Esq.

The "Funeral Tribute" to Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut is from a broadside in the possession of Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Junior, of Boston, Massachusetts. The broadside is probably unique; the sheet is of the usual double column print surrounded by a very wide black border, the heavy top border forming a slightly flattened arch. It lacks any of the symbols of death often used in such prints. The broadside is mentioned in 2 *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, Volume 10, page 270, but is not there printed. It is reprinted in *A Sketch of the Life of John Winthrop the Younger* by Thomas Franklin Waters, Ipswich Historical Society, VII, 1899.

In *A New and Further Narrative of the State of New-England* by N. S. [Nathaniel Saltonstall] London, 1676, it is observed, "And, though it be usually said *Inter arma silent Musae*, yet could not all our martial Confusions wholly strike our Muses dumb, upon so worthy an Occasion, (enough to make our Country bathe itself in Tears, as it hath lately done in Bloud,) but they appeared in Publique to pay a Funeral Tribute to his honourable Dust, in a no less ingenious than passionate and mournful Elegy upon him, printed here in Boston."

A
Funeral Tribute

*To the Honourable Dust of that most Charitable
Christian, Unbiassed Politician,
And unimitable Pyrotechnist*

John Winthrope esq:

*A Member of the Royal Society, & Governour of
Conecticut Colony in*

NEW-ENGLAND.

Who expired in his Countreys Service, April. 6th,
1676.

A Nother Black Parenthesis of woe
The *Printer* wills that all the World should
know

Sage *Winthrop* prest with publick sorrow Dies
As the Sum total of our Miseries:

A Man of worth who well may ranked be
Not with the thirty but the peerless three
Of *Western Worthies*, Heir to all the Stock
Of praise his Sire received from his Flock:

GREAT *WINTHROPS* Name shall never be for-
gotten

Till all *NEW-ENGLANDS* Race be dead and rotten;
That Common Stock of all his Countries weal
Whom Grave and Tomb-stone never can conceal.

Three Colonies his *PATIENTS* bleeding lie
Deserted by their great *PHYSICIANS* eye;

Whose

Whose common sluce is poized for their tears,
And Gates fly upen to a Sea of fears.
His Christian Modesty would never let
His Name be near unto his *SAVIOURS* set:
Yet Miracles set by, hee'd act his part
Better to *LIFE* then Doctors of his Art.
Projections various by fire he made
Where Nature had her common Treasure laid.
Some thought the tincture *Philosophick* lay
Hatcht by the Mineral Sun in *WINTHROPS* way;
And clear it shines to me he had a Stone
Grav'd with his Name which he could read alone.
To say how like a *SCEVOLA* in Court
Or ancient *CONSULS* Histories report
I here forbear, hoping some learned Tongue
Will quaintly write, and not his Honour wrong.
His common Acts with brightest lustre shone,
But in *Apollo's* Art was he alone.
Sometimes Earths veins creeping from endless holes
Would stop his plodding eyes: anon the Coals
Must search his Treasure, conversant in use
Not of the Mettals only but the juice.
Sometimes his wary steps, but wandring too
Would carry him the Christal Mountains to
Where Nature locks her Gems, each costly spark
Mocking the Stars, spher'd in their Cloisters dark.
Sometimes the Hough, anon the Gardners Spade
He deign'd to use, and tools of th' Chymick trade.
His fruit of Toyl Hermetically done
Stream to the poor as light doth from the Sun.
The lavish Garb of silks, Rich Plush and Rings
Physitians Livery, at his feet he flings.

Tribute to John Winthrop 101

One hand the Bellows hold, by t'other Coals
Disposes he to hatch the health of Souls;
Which Mysteries this *Chiron* was more wise
Then unto ideots to Anatomize.
But in a second person hopes I have
His Art will live though he possess the Grave.
To treat the *MORALS* of this Healer *Luke*
Were to essay to write a *PENTATUKE*,
Since all the Law as to the *MORAL* part
Had its impression in his spotless heart:
The Vertues shining brightest in his Crown
Were self depression, scorning all renown;
Meekness and Justice were together laid
When any Subject from good order straid.
Neither did ever Artificial fire
Boyle up the Choler of his temper higher
Then modest bounds. In Church and Common-
wealth
Who was the Balsome of his Countries Health.
Europe sure knew his worth who fixt his Name
Among its glorious Stars of present fame
Here Royal *CHARLES* leads up, stands *WIN-*
THROPE there
Amongst the *Virtuosi* in the Rear:
But for his Art with hundreds of the rest
He might be plac'd in Front and come a Breast.
What Soul in fouldings 'tother side the Screne
With Souls turn'd Angels guess we to have been
When first his Chariot wheels the threshold felt
Where *WINTHROPS*, *DUDLYS*, *COTTONS* Spirits
dwelt?

VVhat

VWhat melting joys are there? Sorrows below,
Should adequately from *New-England* flow:
If Saints be intercessors, heres our hope
VVe need not be beholding to the Pope.
VVe have as good our selves, an honest Brother
Outvies their Saintship, there or any other.
Now *Helmonts* lines so learned and abstruse
Are laid aside and quite cast out of use:
And Authors which such vast expenses spent
Lye like his Corps; his Ear is only lent
To Heavenly Harmonies, all things his Eye
Views in the platforme whence all forms did fly;
His labours cease for ever, but the fruit
He reaps at Fountain head without dispute.

B. Thompson.

Remarks on Mr. William Tompson

The following poem upon the Reverend William Tompson, father of the poet, and the two shorter pieces immediately following it are from a manuscript long in the possession of the Tompson family, and now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manuscript, consisting of verses by various persons, and relating wholly to the Tompson family, is fully described in 2 *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, x, 275, where the verses are printed. It is made up of a number of leaves stitched together, making twelve small, closely written pages. It is in one hand, not that of Tompson.

The longer poem upon William Tompson is almost identical with the verses in the *Magnalia* included in the chapter upon William Tompson. In lack of any hint to the contrary, those in the *Magnalia* have been commonly ascribed to Mather, who merely says in introducing them, "A short flight of our Poetry shall tell the rest."¹ For example, Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, 598, 602, supposes that the lines are Mather's. The punctuation, capitalization, and spelling differ in the manuscript from the print of the *Magnalia*, where these particulars agree with the general practice of the book. The couplet concerning Daniel Gookin, appearing in the *Magnalia* but not in the manuscript, shows that the manuscript is not copied from the *Magnalia*. This seems to prove that the poem in the *Magnalia* hitherto supposed to be Cotton Mather's is, with the exception of the couplet, really Tompson's.

¹ *Magnalia*, 1702, Book III, Ch. xvii, pp. 119-20.

Remarks on the Bright, and
dark side of that American Pillar
M^r WILLIAM TOMPSON.

Pastor of the Church in Braintree.
Who Triumphed Decemb^r 10th 1666 Ætat 68.

But may a Rural Pen try to set forth
Such a Great Fathers Ancient Grace & worth
I undertake a no less Arduous Theme
Then the Old Sages found the Chaldæ Dream
'Tis more then Tythes of a profound respect
That must be paid such a Melchizedeck
Oxford this light with tongues & Arts doth trim
And then his Northern Town doth Challenge him
His Time and Strength he center'd there in this
To do good works, and be what now he is.
His fulgent Virtues there & learned Strains
Tall comely Presence, Life unsoil'd with Stains
Things most on WORTHIES in their Stories writ
Did him to move in Orbs of Service fitt
Things more peculiar yet, my muse intend
Say stranger things then these, so weep & End
When he forsook first his Oxonian Cell
Some Scores at once from Popish darkness fell
So this Reformer studied! rare first fruits!
Shakeing a *Crab-tree* thus by hot disputes
The acid juice by miracle turn'd wine
And rais'd the Spirits of our young Divine
Hearers like Doves flock'd with contentios wing
Who should be first, feed most: most homeward bring
Laden

Laden with honey like Hyblæan Bees
 They knead it into combs upon their knees.
 Why he from Europes pleasant Garden fled
 In the next Age will be with horror said
 Braintree was of this Jewel then possest
 Untill himself he labour'd into Rest
 His Inventory then with Johns was took
 His rough Coat, Girdle with the Sacred Book
 When Reverend *Knowles* & he sail'd hand in hand
 To Christ, espousing the Virginian Land
 Upon a ledge of Craggy Rocks near stav'd
 His Bible in his bosome thrusting sav'd
 The Bible, the best cordial of his Heart
 Come floods, come flames (cry'd he) we'l never part
 A constellation of great converts there
 Shone round him and his Heav'nly Glory were ¹
 With a Rare Skill in hearts, this Doctor cou'd
 Steal into them words that should do them good
 His Balsom's from the Tree of Life distill'd
 Hearts cleans'd and heal'd, & with rich comforts fill'd
 But here's the wo! Balsoms which others cur'd
 Would in his own Turn hardly be endur'd
 Apollyon owing him a cursed Spleen
 Who an Apollos in the Church had been
 Dreading his Traffick here would be undone
 By Numerous proselites he daily won
 Accus'd him of Imaginary faults
 And push'd him down so into dismal Vaults

Vaults

¹ At this point in the *Magnalia* between this verse and the next, is inserted the following couplet:

Gookins was one of these: By *Thompson's* Pains

CHRIST and NEW-ENGLAND, a dear GOOKINS gains.

On Mr. William Tompson 107

Vaults where he kept long Ember weeks of grief
'Till Heav'n alarm'd sent him in relief
Then was a Daniel in the Lyons Den
A man, oh how belov'd of God and men
By his beds-side an Hebrew sword there lay
With which at last he drove the Devil away.
Quaker's too durst not bear his keen replies
But fearing it half drawn the trembler flies
Like Lazarus new rais'd from Death appears
The Saint that had been dead for many years
Our Nehemiah said, shall such as I
Desert my flock, and like a Coward fly
Long had the Churches begg'd the Saints release
Releas'd at last, he dies in Glorious peace
The Night is not so long, but phosphors ray
Approaching Glories doth on high display
Faith's Eye in him discern'd the Morning Star
His heart leap'd; sure the Sun cannot be far
In Extasies of Joy, he Ravish'd Cries
Love, Love the Lamb, the Lamb, in whome he dies.

Decemb^r. 10. 1666.

Gulielmi Tompsoni Braintreensis

Ecclesiæ Pastoris in Angliâ utraque

Celeberimi vice. Epitaphium

Judicious Zeale: New-Englands Boanerges
Lies Tombles: not to spare the Churches Charges
But that the world may know he lacks no Tomb
Who in Ten thousand hearts commanded room

While

While thus the thundring Textman hidden lies
Some Virgins slumber: Others wantonize.

B. T.

WILLIAM TOMPSON

Anagr.

lo now I'm past il.

Why weep ye still for me my Children Dear
What cause have ye of Sorrow Grief or fear.
Lo now all Evil things are past and gone
Terror black Choler and strangulion
My Paines are cur'd no Grief doth me annoy
My Sorrows all are turned into joy
No fiend of Hell henceforth shall me assay
My fears are heald, my Teares are wipe'd away
Gods reconsiled face I now behold
He hath dispers'd my darkness manifold
In Abrams bosom now I sweetly Rest
Of perfect Joy and Happyness possesst.

The Grammarians Funeral

Note

THERE is little doubt as to whom *Tompson* had in mind when he wrote "The Grammarian's Funeral." *Robert Woodmansey* was master of the Boston Latin School, *Tompson's* immediate predecessor. *John Woodmansey* was a man of affairs, an official, and a successful merchant whose name often appears in the Boston city records of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. It is not known that the two were related. No other schoolmaster than *Robert*, bearing the name of *Woodmansey*, is known in early Boston. It seems probable that a mistake was made in printing the heading of the broadside form in which the poem appeared, and that the well-known merchant's name was put in place of that of the schoolmaster who had died forty-one years before. It is likely that the heading is altogether the printer's composition, not *Tompson's*. *Tompson*, as *Woodmansey's* successor at Boston and *Cheever's* successor at Charlestown, must have been perfectly familiar with the signature of both men, and have known how they spelled their names, yet in the heading of the broadside the name of each is misspelled.

The poem, composed as it was at the death of *Woodmansey*, and the first of all *Tompson's* known verses, is rather inadequate as a memorial to *Ezekiel Cheever*. Of *Robert Woodmansey* very little is known except the official record of his being hired to
teach

teach the school, his death, his will, and the poem itself. Ezekiel Cheever, however, was the most prominent New England school-master of his day, thirty-eight years master of the Boston Latin School. He was born in London in 1614, had his schooling at Christ's Hospital, attended Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and came to Boston in 1637. He settled in Connecticut the year following, opened a Latin School in New Haven in 1639, and continued his calling for sixty-nine years there and in Ipswich, Charlestown, and Boston. A detailed account of his trial and discipline by the First Church of New Haven, preserved in the Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society, I, 22-51, shows him to have been a man of independent mind. Many contemporary estimates place him as one of the strongest character-building forces among the generations of Massachusetts schoolboys who became the sinews of the province. Michael Wigglesworth and Cotton Mather were his pupils, and Mather not only preached his memorial sermon but wrote an elegy as well. Cheever wrote some theological tracts that were published forty years after his death, and his name was perpetuated in the schools of New England through nearly two hundred years in "Cheever's Latin Accidence" which had gone through twenty editions by 1785 and was issued as late as 1838. The story of his life is told in "Barnard's American Journal of Education," Vol. I, and in a short biography by Elizabeth Porter Gould, Boston, 1904.

He continued teaching until his death.

"He

"He liv'd and to vast Age no Illness knew;
Till Times Scythe waiting for him Rusty grew."

says Mather; and Sewall, a close, sympathetic friend who records minutely his visits to the dying man, concludes,

So that he has Labour'd in that Calling Skillfully, diligently, constantly, Religiously, Seventy years. A rare Instance of Piety, Health, Strength, Serviceableness. The Wellfare of the Province was much upon his Spirit. He abominated Perriwigs. *Diary of Samuel Sewell*, Boston, 1879, II, 231.

The poem is printed directly from the broadside.

THE
GRAMMARIANS FUNERAL,

OR,

An ELEGY composed upon the Death of Mr. *John Woodmancy*, formerly a School-Master in *Boston*: But now Published upon the DEATH of the Venerable

Mr. EZEKIEL CHEVERS,

The late and famous School-Master of *Boston* in *New-England*; Who Departed this Life the *Twenty-first* of *August* 1708. Early in the Morning. In the *Ninety-fourth* Year of his Age.

EIGHT Parts of *Speech* this Day wear Mourning
Gowns
Declin'd *Verbs*, *Pronouns*, *Participles*, *Nouns*.
And not declined, *Adverbs* and *Conjunctions*,
In *Lillies* Porch they stand to do their functions.
With *Preposition*; but the most affection
Was still observed in the *Interjection*.
The *Substantive* seeming the limbed best,
Would set an hand to bear him to his Rest.
The *Adjective* with very grief did say,
Hold me by strength, or I shall faint away.
The Clouds of Tears did over-cast their faces,
Yea all were in most lamentable *Cases*.
The five *Declensions* did the Work decline,
And Told the *Pronoun Tu*, The work is thine:
But in this case those have no call to go
That want the *Vocative*, and can't say O!

The

The *Pronouns* said that if the *Nouns* were there,
There was no need of them, they might them spare:
But for the sake of *Emphasis* they would,
In their Discretion do what ere they could.
Great honour was confer'd on *Conjugations*,
They were to follow next to the *Relations*.
Amo did love him best, and *Doceo* might
Alledge he was his Glory and Delight.
But *Lego* said by me he got his skill,
And therefore next the *Herse* I follow will.
Audio said little, hearing them so hot,
Yet knew by him much Learning he had got.
O *Verbs* the *Active* were, Or *Passive* sure,
Sum to be *Neuter* could not well endure.
But this was common to them all to Moan
Their load of grief they could not soon *Depone*.
A doleful Day for *Verbs*, they look so moody,
They drove Spectators to a Mournful Study.
The *Verbs* irregular, 'twas thought by some,
Would break no rule, if they were pleas'd to come.
Gaudeo could not be found; fearing disgrace
He had with-drawn, sent *Mæreo* in his Place.
Possum did to the utmost he was able,
And bore as stout as if he'd been A *Table*.
Volo was willing, *Nolo* some-what stout,
But *Malo* rather chose, not to stand out.
Possum and *Volo* wish'd all might afford
Their help, but had not an *Imperative Word*.
Edo from Service would by no means Swerve.
Rather than fail, he thought the *Cakes* to Serve.
Fio was taken in a fit, and said,

By

The Grammarians Funeral.

O R,

An ELEGY compos'd upon the Death of Mr. John Woodmancy,
formerly a School-Master in Boston : But now Published upon
the DEATH of the Venerable

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The late and famous School-Master of Boston in New-England ; Who Departed this Life the
Twenty first of August 1708. Early in the Morning. In the Ninety-fourth Year of his Age.

Eight Parts of Speech this Day wear Mourning Gowns
Declin'd *Verbs*, *Pronouns*, *Participles*, *Nouns*.
And not declined, *Adverbs* and *Conjunctions*,
In *Lilies* Porch they stand to do their functions.
With *Preposition* ; but the most affection
Was still observed in the *Interjection*.
The *Substantive* seeming the limbed best,
Would set an hand to bear him to his Rest.
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And bore as Stout as if he'd been A *Table*.

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But *Malo* rather chose, not to stand out.
Possum and *Volo* wish'd all might afford
Their help, but had not an *Imperative Word*.
Edo from Service would by no means Swerve,
Rather than fail, he thought the *Cakes* to Serve.
Fio was taken in a fit, and said,
By him a Mournful *POEM* should be made.
Fero was willing for to bear a part,
Altho' he did it with an aking heart.
Feror excus'd, with grief he was so Torn,
He could not bear, he needed to be born.
Such *Nouns* and *Verbs* as we defective find,
No *Separate* Rule did their attendance bind.
They were excepted, and exempted hence,
But *Supines*, all did blame for negligence.
Verbs Offspring, *Participles* hand-in-hand,
Follow, and by the same direction stand :
The rest Promiscuously did croud and cumber,
Such Multitudes of each, they wanted Number.
Next to the Corps to make th' attendance even,
Jove, *Mercury*, *Apollo* came from heaven.
And *Virgil*, *Cato*, gods, men, Rivers, Winds,
With *Elegies*, Tears, Sighs, came in their kinds.
Ovid from *Pontus* halt's Apparrell'd thus,
In Exile-weeds bringing *De Tristibus* :
And *Homer* sure had been among the Rout,
But that the *Stories* say his Eyes were out.
Queens, *Cities*, *Countries*, *Islands*, Come
All Trees, Birds, Fishes, and each Word in *Um*.
What *Syntax* here can you expect to find ?
Where each one bears such discomposed mind.
Figures of *Distion* and *Construction*,
Do little : Yet stand sadly looking on.
That such a Train may in their motion chord,
Prologia gives the measure Word for Word.

Sic Mæstus Cecinit,

Benj. Tompson.

By him a Mournful *POEM* should be made.
Fero was willing for to bear a part,
 Altho' he did it with an aking heart.
Feror excus'd, with grief he was so Torn,
 He could not bear, he needed to be born.

Such *Nouns* and *Verbs* as we defective find,
 No *Grammar* Rule did their attendance bind.
 They were excepted, and exempted hence,
 But *Supines*, all did blame for negligence.
Verbs Offspring, *Participles* hand-in-hand,
 Follow, and by the same direction stand:
 The rest Promiscuously did croud and cumber,
 Such Multitudes of each, they wanted Number.
 Next to the Corps to make th' attendance even,
Jove, *Mercury*, *Apollo* came from heaven.
 And *Virgil*, *Cato*, gods, men, Rivers, Winds,
 With *Elegies*, Tears, Sighs, came in their kinds.
Ovid from *Pontus* hast's Apparrell'd thus,
 In Exile-weeds bringing *De Tristibus*:
 And *Homer* sure had been among the Rout,
 But that the Stories say his Eyes were out.
Queens, *Cities*, *Countries*, *Islands*, Come
 All Trees, Birds, Fishes, and each word in *Um*.
 What *Syntax* here can you expect to find?
 Where each one bears such discomposed mind.
 Figures of Diction and Construction,
 Do little: Yet stand sadly looking on.
 That such a Train may in their motion *chord*,
Prosodia gives the measure Word for Word.

Sic Mæstus Cecinit,

BENJ. TOMPSON.

Upon the Elaborate Survey of New-
Englands Passions from the Natives
By Mr. William Hubbard

These complimentary verses, *Upon the Elaborate Survey of New-England's Passions*, are prefixed to a book by the Reverend William Hubbard:

A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians In New-England, from the first planting thereof in the year 1607, to this present year 1677. But chiefly of the late Troubles in the last two years, 1675, and 1676. To which is added a Discourse about the Warre with the Pequots in the year 1637. Boston; Printed by John Foster, in the year 1677.

The allusion in the last few lines is to Hubbard's map of New England, the first map engraved within the limits of the present United States. It is this map in which the White Mountains appear as the "Wine Hills" and in the English edition immediately following as the "White Hills," a fact still discussed by antiquarians. Moxon was an English geographical publisher of the time.

UPON

The elaborate *Survey* of *New-Englands* Passions from
the

NATIVES

By the impartial *Pen* of that worthy *Divine*

Mr. WILLIAM HUBBARD.

A Countreys Thanks with Garlands ready lye
To wreathe the Brows of your *Divinity*
Renowned Sir: to write the Churches *Warre*
In ancient times fell to the *Prophets* share
New Englands Chronicles are to be had
From *Nathans* Pen, or Manuscript of *Gad*.
Purchase wrote much, *Hacluyt* traversed farr,
Smith and *Dutch John de Laet* famous are,
Martyr, with learn'd *Acosta* thousands too,
Here's noveltyes and stile which all out doe,
VVrote by exacter hand then ever took
Historians Pen since *Europe* wee forsooke.
I took your *Muse* for old *Columbus Ghost*,
Who scrapt acquaintance with this western Coast,
But in converse some pages I might find
Then all *Columbus Gemms* a brighter mind.
Former Adventures did at best beguile
About these *Natives Rise* (obscure as *Nile*)
Their grand *Apostle* writes of their returne,
Williams their Language; *Hubbard* how they burn,
Rob, kill and Roast, lead Captive, flay, blaspheme;
Of *English valour* too he makes his *Theme*,

Whose

Whose tragical account may Christned be
New-Englands Travels through the bloody Sea.
Drake gat renown by creeping round the old;
To treat of this *New World* our Author's bold.
Names uncouth which ne'r *Minshew* could reduce
By's *Polyglotton* to the vulgar use.
Unheard of places like some *New-Atlantis*,
Before in fancy only, now *Newlandis*:
New found and subtle Stratagems of Warre,
We can quaint *Elton* and brave *Barriffe* spare:
New Discipline and Charges of Command
Are cloath'd in *Indian* by this *English hand*.
Moxon who drew two Globes, or whosoere
Must make a third, or else the old ones tear,
To find a Roome for thy new Map by which
Thy friends and Country all thou dost enrich.

Gratitudinis ergò apposuit

B. T.

The Rev. Man of God
Mr. Peter Hubbard

The elegy upon the Reverend Peter Hobart comes from a manuscript possessed in 1860 by Mr. S. P. Fowler of Danversport, Massachusetts, and printed in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, xiv, 141. Although this poem is mentioned neither by Mr. Sibley nor by Dr. Green, the fact that it is signed with Tompson's initials, that the subject is one congenial to him, that the lines show his favorite mannerisms and turns of expression, and that the external circumstances favor Tompson as its author, would seem to establish beyond reasonable doubt its authenticity as a genuine Tompson relic.

Peter Hobart was one of the original Massachusetts pastors coming from the ministry in England to that of the colonial church. His life is adequately sketched in the *Magnalia*, III, 153-155. He settled with relatives who had previously emigrated, coming over in 1635 and helping to found with them the new town of Hingham, named from the English town where they had lived. He was pastor of the Hingham church from its founding until his death in 1678. His acquaintance with William Tompson, pastor in the adjoining town, must have been close; and at the time of his death Benjamin Tompson had just returned from Charlestown to settle in Braintree.

Certain allusions in the verses are clear after reading Mather's sketch: four or five of the sons of Peter Hobart entered the ministry; his last work was to lay hands upon the head of his young successor in the pastorate at the ordination; then, calling his friends to his home, he sang with them the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a few weeks later he died.

The Rev. Man of God Mr Peter Hubbard,
Pastor of Hingham church
his translation of Αποθεωσις 23: 11: 1678.

DEepe Hubbard, next Religious awe to thine
Is due, what men allow Virtues Divine:
I in remembrance of thy name essayd
A first and second time but was afraid:
Too big for my poore shell to Comprehend
Where to begin or where to make an end.
Nor Could an Ephod cut by humane witt
This Aaarons gravity compleatly fitt.
I could not trace so deepe and spacious stream
Up to Its head, the name's sufficient Theame
Of such antiquity beyond sea knowne
By persecutions from an Eden blowne
Into a milder clime; yet even there
From Truth-Pprofessing friends hee had his share.
Yet like a Marble pelted by the waves
Hee kept his soundness where some found their graves.
[words gone] alone with truth on's side
Than by whole Synods to bee dignified.
The common places of Divines desert
Perfection in the tongues: brave skill in Art
May here adapted bee, for, at his Grave
Their excellencies they divested have.
His trade was Jewells: w^{ch} hee fetcht above:
All his Returnes, Faith, Currant pray^{rs} & love.
Mans full allowance, threescore years & Ten
Spent most in Pulpit toyles this man of men:

[]

[] honour to supply the needs
 Of his great Charge, without the Revrend weeds
 Of Purest Lawne, w^{ch} else might well becom
 This sufferer in his petty Martyrdom.
 His words were Oracles, his fervent pray^{rs}
 Like mighty Angels climbd the Heavnlly stairs,
 Bat'red heavns Frontiers, entred & Came back
 With all the blessings w^{ch} the Church did lack.
 His life was Gospel copied out by line,
 Exactness best becomes the best Divine.
 His Doctrines plaine, yet pungent, free but pure,
 Whose efficacy could both kill & Cure.
 This Abram kept his bosom Opend Wide
 As Jesus armes for babes w^{ch} some deny'd.
 What many pray for only, not indeavor,
 Christs Kingdom's growth hee durst not would not
 sever.

Infants unborne may well lament his Death
 Who saincted all when first they drew their breath;
 Barring those Temples, least the World or sin
 Or Hells great Champion should enter in.
 Zeale to the Levits work, the vineyards call
 Moved him pay more than tithes of sons nigh all.
 Greate Benefactor to the Learned sort
 This Western World hath cause to bless him for't.
 Before this heavnlly Hydra Feeles his fate
 Four heads of the old stock doe Germinate,
 True Issue of his braines and Learned loynes
 By grace and practise both, Lively Divines.
 The Vesper of his life's a constant Cry,
 When will deaths curious claws these knots untie?

A crazie cage of bones curtained with Skin,
A Ruind Castle where great strength had beene.
A Blaze of Heavn, A beame Divine, A mind
Of the first Magnitude some time Confin'd.
When Aarons Tabernacle work is done
Hee strips his Vestures to adorne his Son
Thus hee uncased himselfe: Resignes the Keys
With (Nunc dimittis) finishing his days.
The travells of almost a double age,
Hoary with toyle, and time thus quitts the stage.
Heavns Charioteers, hence with an unseene traine,
Up in great Honour Convoy him to Reigne.
And what remains imbalmd in Teares is dust,
Not lost but sowne: A Treasure put in trust:
Layd at the Churches doore; Just by the side
Of Saints, which were his sparkling Crowne and pride.
That at his death as well as life hee might
Declare the Church to bee his great Delight.
Rest then thy Weary bones, Thou man of God,
If ere the Church fall out assume the Rod;
Or rather let the Reverence of thy Name
Bee tutelary Angel of the same:
And When thy darksom Cell yee saints pass by,
Say there, the Glorie of His Coat doth lie.

B. T.

Dignum laude Virum Musa Vetat mori.

Upon the Very
Reverend Samuel Whiting

The verses upon the Reverend Samuel Whiting follow the chapter upon the clergyman's life in the *Magnalia*, III, 156-161, and are signed there "B. Thompson." The text here printed is that of the *Magnalia*, 1702.

Samuel Whiting was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, 1597, and died pastor of the church at Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1679. He was of a family of good social and official standing, was a student at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and received there his degree of Master of Arts. After taking orders he preached for some years in Norfolk and in Lincolnshire, but at length, finding the lot of a nonconformist clergyman too much beset with difficulties, he removed to Massachusetts, became at once pastor of the church at Lynn, and there continued. He was a man of especially fine personality, and was known for his scholarly attainments. He was the author of two works of divinity of considerable substance.

Upon the Very Reverend
SAMUEL WHITING.

Mount *Fame*, the glorious Chariot of the *Sun*;
Through the *World's Cirque*, all you, her
Herald's, run:
And let this Great Saint's *Merits* be reveal'd,
Which, during Life, he studiously conceal'd.
Cite all the *Levites*, fetch the Sons of *Art*,
In these our Dolours to sustain a part.
Warn all that value *Worth*, and every one
Within their Eyes to bring an *Helicon*.
For in this *single Person* we have lost
More Riches, than an *India* has engrost.

When *Wilson*, that Plerophory of *Love*,
Did from our *Banks*, up to his *Center* move,
Rare *Whiting* quotes *Columbus* on this Coast,
Producing *Gems*, of which a *King* might boast.
More splendid far than ever *Aaron* wore,
Within his Breast, *this Sacred Father* bore.
Sound Doctrine *Urim*, in his Holy Cell,
And all Perfections *Thummim* there did dwell.
His *Holy Vesture* was his *Innocence*,
His *Speech*, *Embroideries* of curious *Sence*.
Such awful *Gravity* this Doctor us'd,
As if an *Angel* every Word infus'd.
No Turgent Stile, but *Asiatic* Store;
Conduits were almost full, seldom run o're
The *Banks of Time*: Come Visit when you will,

The

The Streams of *Nectar* were descending still:
 Much like Septemfluous *Nilus*, rising so,
 He watered Christians round, and made them grow.
 His modest *Whispers* could the *Conscience* reach,
 As well as *Whirlwinds*, which some others preach;
 No *Boanerges*, yet could touch the Heart,
 And clench his *Doctrine* by the meekest *Art*.
 His *Learning* and his *Language*, might become
 A *Province* not inferiour to Rome.
 Glorious was *Europe's* Heaven, when such as these
Stars of his Size, shone in each *Diocess*.

Who writ'st the *Fathers Lives*, either make Room,
 Or with his Name begin your *Second Tome*.
 Ag'd *Polycarp*, Deep *Origen*, and such
 Whose *Worth* your *Quills*; your *Wits* not *them*, enrich;
Lactantius, *Cyprian*, *Basil* too the Great,
 Quaint *Jerom*, *Austin* of the foremost Seat,
 With *Ambrose*, and more of the Highest Class,
 In CHRIST's great *School*, with Honour, I let pass;
 And humbly pay my Debt to *Whiting's* Ghost,
 Of whom both *Englands*, may with Reason boast.
Nations for Men of Lesser Worth have strove,
 To have the *Fame*, and, in Transports of Love,
 Built *Temples*, or fix'd *Statues* of pure Gold,
 And their vast Worth to After-Ages told.
 His Modesty forbad so fair a *Tomb*,
 Who in Ten Thousand *Hearts* obtain'd a Room.

What sweet *Composures* in his *Angels Face*!
 What soft Affections, Melting Gleams of Grace!

How

How mildly pleasant! By his closed Lips,
Rhetoricks Bright Body suffers an *Eclipse*.
 Should half his *Sentences* be truly *Numbred*,
 And weigh'd in Wisdom's Scales, 'twould spoil a
Lombard:

And Churches *Homilies*, but *Homily* be,
 If, Venerable WHITING, set by thee.
 Profoundest *Judgment*, with a *Meekness* rare,
 Preferr'd him to the *Moderator's* Chair;
 Where like *Truth's Champion*, with his piercing Eye,
 He silenc'd *Errors*, and made *Hectors* fly.
Soft Answers quell *hot Passions*; ne'er too soft
 Where *solid Judgment* is enthron'd aloft.
Church Doctors are my Witnesses, that here
Affections always kept their *proper Sphere*,
 Without those Wilder *Eccentricities*,
 Which spot the fairest Fields of Men most Wise.
 In *pleasant Places* fall that Peoples *Line*,
 Who have but *Shadows* of Men thus Divine.
 Much more their *Presence*, and Heaven piercing
Prayers,

Thus many Years, to mind our Soul Affairs.
A poorest Soil oft has the *Richest Mine*;
 This Weighty Oar poor *Lyn* was lately thine.
 O Wondrous Mercy! but this Glorious Light
 Hath left thee in the Terrors of the Night.
New England, didst thou know this Mighty *One*.
 His Weight and Worth, thou'dst think thy self *undone*:
One of thy Golden Chariots, which among
 The *Clergy*, render'd thee a *Thousand* strong:
One, who for Learning, Wisdom, Grace, and Years,
 Among

Among the *Levites* hath not many Peers:
One, yet with God a Kind of *Heavenly Band*,
Who did whole *Regiments* of *Woes* withstand:
One, that prevail'd with *Heaven*; *One* greatly mist
On *Earth*; he gain'd of Christ whate'er he list:
One of a World; who was both born and bred
At *Wisdom's Feet*, hard by the *Fountain's Head*.
The *Loss* of such an *One*, would fetch a Tear,
From *Niobe* her self, if she were here.

What qualifies our *Grief*, centers in *This*,
Be our *Loss* near so Great, the *Gain* is *his*.

B. Thompson.

The Character of
Mr. Samuel Thompson

Deacon Samuel Tompson, elder brother of Benjamin Tompson, is known from other sources than his brother's elegy to have been a person of exemplary character. He was born in England, lived and died in Braintree, was prominent in civil and military affairs of the town, and represented it at times in the General Court. The Mr. Flint mentioned was teacher to the church at Braintree; Mr. Hoar was third president of Harvard College.

The verses following are found in the Tompson manuscript referred to previously.

A Character of the most Exemplary
Christian, M^r SAMUEL TOMPSON
Deacon of the Church in Braintree
who Deceased June 18. 1695. Ætatis. 64.

Tis not bare custom which provokes my Pen
To lisp the praises of this Man of men
Nor can it in the least advantage him
Whose Soul in Rivers of Delight doth swim
But such Examples set before this Age
And me in special wel deserv'd a Page
Plainness and Purity were his delight
Least I offend his Ghost, plainly I write
I write no Hero's, or Terrestrial Peers
Let them be flatter'd by more learned t[ears]
But the translation of one to his pl[ace]
Who in Gods fear and favour ran his race
An Entercourse with Heav'n mannag'd by Art
And tedious pains of most he did by heart
The Morning of his Life's aspireing Years
Commenc'd in prayers, and Penitential tears
When but a Child and Mates had led to play
His Spirit prompted him to Read and Pray
His Youth so spotless in such Years []
As rendred him improv'd, belov'd a []
Whome fitter for the Church the Court the Field
Of a more upright Life did Braintree yeild
It boasted Once of a most worthy Store
Blest Tompson, Flynt, the rare presiding Hoare
Rich Jewels: thou of such hast been possest
Whose weary heads are all layd down to Rest
Make

2^l Make room Renowned's who our Crowns have been
 [] the same Page to let this Christian in
 Whome you all knew, and lov'd, wer't in a fitt
 Or Meloncholy when these lines were writt
 Grave Tompson, were clouds ever in that place
 Thy Sons arrival sure would clear thy Face
 He liv'd under the Umbrage of a Wing
 Whose great delight to preach, to pray, to sing
 Thousands in Lancashire 'yond Sea did know
 Who in darke times did to such torches flow
 And now the Precious Father, and Blest Son
 Know whither, and for what they fought & run
 Were ever Heav'ns by fair endeavors won
 If Prayers could storm it, sure 'twas by this man
 But when his hand of Faith those doors had bounc'd
 And wrestled stoutly, yet he all renounc'd.
 His house was Morn, Noon, Night perfum'd with

Prayers

[A]nd seconded with Heav'ns Melodious Aires
 [Th]e sacred Text was Read and Opened so
 As sundry stil'd Divines could hardly do
 4^l In conferences with his holy Friends
 Assistance from sweet Manuscripts he lends
 Such as would Old, and Modern Preachers hear
 Might find the Kernel and the marrow there
 With [gre]at Affections urged on the hearts
 And Balsom poured in after sharp Darts
 H[is] Charity was General and Vast
 [With] so small a stock how could it last
 But Prayer his secret Key the Heav'ns unlock't
 And when most Empty, seldom better stockt
 Assistances

55 Assistances to poor he nere denie'd
 And few such places where it might be try'd
 His soundness, in the Faith Divines did Own
 Who hath abrig'd their labours One by One
 And Ancient Nectarists whose mouths are stopt
 Extending fruitfull boughs by him were cropt
 Theyr fruits more choice then Pearls with him even
 His Manuscripts I call their Magazine
 Where Honey dropt this painfull Bee was found
 Loading his thighs for all his Neighbors round
 How many weekly did with him rejoyce
 Loveing to see his face, and hear his voice
 To Lamentations now our harps are sett
 And chearfull Anthems we almost forgett
 We can as hardly sing with hearty thanks
 As Israel on the Babilonish Banks
 So much of God is from poor Braintree fled
 As may be sighed for, more free then sed
 73 His Empty place in Church in Court, in field
 By many teares have every day been fill'd
 And poor distressed I, O where, O where!
 Shall I find friendly hand, or faithfull Eare
 Whome shall the poor seek to in pinching grief
 Whome the distressed to obtain reliefe
 Whome shall the Widow make her trusty friend
 And hand a Prayer at a dead lift to lend,
 Here was of Charity a liveing spring
 Whose motives round the Greater wheels did bring
 His presence, parts, and Prayers are dearly mist
 Who could like Luther have what'ere he list
 85 How would he screw into each hearers brest

When

When he with fervency our Sins confest
What melting streams of Arguments there flew
From his own heart, as if he others knew
Such Instruments, so qualifie'd are rare
And very few fall to one Churches share
Predictions I affect not, thô I dread
The places publick peace now he is dead 92
Who lov'd and studied Unity so well
The peace is threatned where this prop is fell.
Lord grant us Succour to our sinking hearts
Drop in thy Balsom while we feel thy Darts
Answer the prayers this Blessed Saint hath made
Our Soules let Rest with his when we are laid.

B. T.

Celeberrimi Cottoni Matheri

These verses to Cotton Mather were prefixed, together with others by several persons, to the *Magnalia*, 1702, from which they are here taken.

Celeberrimi
COTTONI MATHERI
Celebratio;

Qui Heroum Vitas, in sui-ipsius & illorum
Memoriam sempiternam, revocavit.

*Quod Patrios Manes revocasti a Sedibus altis,
Sylvestres Musæ grates, Mathere, rependunt.
Hæc nova Progenies, veterum sub Imagine, cælo
Arte Tua Terram visitans, demissa, salutat.
Grata Deo Pietas; Grates persolvimus omnes:
Semper Honos, Nomenque Tuum, Mathere, mane-
bunt.*

Is the bless'd *MATHER Necromancer* turn'd,
To raise his Countries Father's Ashes Urn'd?
Elisha's Dust, Life to the Dead imparts;
This Prophet, by his more *Familiar Arts*,
Unseals our *Hero's* Tombs, and gives them Air;
They Rise, they Walk, they Talk, Look wond'rous
Fair;
Each of them in an Orb of *Light* doth shine,
In Liveries of *Glory* most Divine.

When ancient Names I in thy Pages met,
Like Gems on *Aaron's* costly Breast-plate set;
Methinks Heaven's open, while Great *Saints* descend,
To wreathe the Brows, by which their *Acts* were penn'd.
B. Thompson.

The Illustrious
Fitz-John Winthrop Esq.

Fitz-John Winthrop, grandson of John Winthrop the elder and son of John Winthrop, first governor of Connecticut — whose elegy Tompson twice wrote in 1676 — died at Boston November 27, 1707, and was buried in the family tomb. He was governor of Connecticut,¹ dying in office as his father had died.

The elegy here printed is from a manuscript in the possession of Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Junior, of Boston. In the opinion of Dr. Samuel Abbott Green, the manuscript is in Tompson's own hand. The writing is a copy hand, clear, somewhat florid, school-masterly, and though evidently that of an old man, shows that the writer's nerves were still steady. The form of some of the letters would seem to indicate the writing of a man who must have been about the age that Tompson attained in 1707. The poem was printed in 2 *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, X, 369.

¹ Judge Samuel Sewall describes with some detail the funeral, which was with military honors, and at which he was one of the bearers. Cotton Mather preached a "very good" sermon. "Father, son and Grandson ly together in one Tomb in the old burying place," he says in his diary, December 4, 1707. The tomb was that in the Kings Chapel yard. *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, Boston, 1879, ii, 204-205.

The Illustrious Fitz-John Winthrop Esq'
Govern' of Quinecticott Colony in New-England
Memorized and lamented by an aged Sylvan
of the Massathusets

Anno Dom: 1708.

WINTHROP this day repos'd his weary
bones
Leaving his Province filld with equall groans
To those which by the wrack hee under-went
Ere his brave soul was from its binding rent.
Being the third of a Renowned line
Which wee AMERICANS deemd next Divine
The last Gazet which from New-England came
Might ha' been crowned with *GREAT WINTHROPs*
name.

Advertisment Enough to fill a page
And deluge with its tears the present age.
His grandsire by direction of a starre
Conducted all our Tribes hither, thus farr
And many thousands of most precious Ore
And *SAINTS* more precious landed he[re] on shoare
Laying the Platforme of his State so firme
No underminers in his life did harme.

WINTHROP, the second, of renowned fame
Hath filld this climate with his perfumd name
CHRLS that hee might his grand *ARCANAS* know
While hee prepar'd them would the bellows blow.
Were there a Balsom, which all wounds could cure

Twas

Twas in this Asculapian hand be sure.
WINTHROP, the third with palsied hand I write
His Province^s pillar, and this lands delight.
His auncient Patent while hee livd was free
From all intrusions on their libertie.
While all the neighbourhood was set on fire
Hee kept his Paradisian hearts desire,
Being garrisond with *GOD*, all fenced about
With living walls, and hearts of Marble stout.
New-England Histories so much have said
In *WINTHROPS* praise, poor I do but degrade.
EUROPE knows better than wee natives tell
How in thy Parentage thou didst excell.
Vertues sufficient to oblige a *WORLD*
Have at thy Exit all their streamers furld.
In *BOSTON* lies the timber of the *ARKE*
On which before hees borne hee did imbarque
Winthrop the first Lord of the Americk coast
Opning his bosom of his sons may boast
In lethall agonies, this, prays for rest
Upon the pillow of that auncient breast.
Lands every where hee had wheron to lie
Yet hee must see his grandsires tomb & die.
By a great favorite hees upward handed
Sin and Temptations all at once disbanded
Hee at the Innes of *COURT* such treaty finds
As fully can content ingenuous minds
Heers three great Winthrops under whom wee thrivd
Wee hope the fourth will prove far longer lived.
And such as are invested with great power
May bee preparing for a parting hour.

Thus

Epilogi vice

Thus naked Sylvans, guiltless as to Art
Yet in our sorrows need not learne our part.
Since wee can mourn, with all our Vitals black
When those are rent from us wee chiefly lack.
Not to renew your sorrows this I write
Not to prevent your Surfeits in delight
Accept this offering of a countrey teare
from clouded eys that soon must disappeare
Might I with such kind Enterteinment have
Take lands who will, I would request a Grave.

Mortiviemus

B T

[Indorsed] 1708 on the Death of Gove^r Fitz John
Winthrop

Poems on the Death of
Rebekah Sewall

Note

The death of little Rebekah Sewall, because of its tragic suddenness, the high social position of her parents, and the loveliness of the child herself, seems to have touched the emotions of the whole community. She was daughter of Samuel Sewall, Jr., of Brookline, and of Rebekah Dudley, and grandchild of both Judge Samuel Sewall, the diarist, and of Governor Joseph Dudley. The following extract from a memorandum of her father gives the immediate circumstances of her death.

An Account of my daughter Rebekah's death.

Aug. 2, 1710. In the afternoon she was taken ill at the Govr^s. Sent for Doctor Noyes and Mrs Baily; so continued ill; in the morning after, her mother and myself were sent for: gott there about 6 of the clock. . . . My daughter Rebeckah dyed Aug. 3, 1710, ten minutes before nine in the morning; being lamented by all that knew her. Friday, Aug. 4, she was carried from the Govr^s house to the Gov^t tomb, where she was interred My wife and I went into deep mourning. Gave gloves to several relations, Govr^s servants and mine. Gave Mr Tompson a pair; he made 2 coppies of verses on her. Gave Doctor Noyes a scarf. She lived 5 years, 7 months and 4 days.¹

Judge Sewall also gives a touching, simple account of the death of the little girl, the favorite among his grandchildren.²

The

¹ 5 *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, v, xxvii, *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, Vol. 1.

² *Ibid.*, vi, 285, *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, Vol. 2.

The two copies of verses referred to in the extract above seem to be the second and third here following. They are found on the same piece of paper, a manuscript not in the handwriting of Thompson, among the Winthrop papers in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.¹ The third has not until now been published. The broadside elegy (here printed first) is one of the best and most interesting early specimens of this type published in America.

Scrutiny of the three versions shows that the broadside version is made up wholly of couplets from the other two versions. It is not certain that Thompson himself did the compiling of the broadside; indeed, since allusions to the author's age and infirmities, and to the benefactions of the Dudley and Sewall families are omitted from the broadside, it seems likely that the condensing was the work of another person, very likely Judge Sewall, who was himself something of a versifier. In any case, taste was shown in both selection and omission of material from the other two versions.

¹ 2 *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, viii, 387-389; x, 274-275.

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A Neighbour's *TEARS*

Sprinkled on the Dust of the Amiable Virgin,

Mrs. *REBEKAH SEWALL*,

Who was born December 30. 1704. and dyed suddenly,
August 3. 1710. *Ætatis* 6.

H Eav'ns only, in dark hours, can Succour
send;
And shew a Fountain, where the cisterns
end.

I saw this little One but t'other day
With a small flock of Doves, just in my way:
What New-made Creature's this so bright? thought I
Ah! Pity 'tis such Prettiness should die.
Madam, behold the Lamb of GOD; for there's
Your Pretty Lamb, while you dissolve in Tears;
She lies infolded in her Shepherd's Arms,
Whose Bosom's always full of gracious Charms.
Great JESUS claim'd his own; never begrutch
Your Jewels rare into the Hands of Such
He, with His Righteousness, has better dress'd
Your Babe, than e're you did, when at your breast.
'Tis not your case alone: for thousands have
Follow'd their sweetest Comforts to the Grave.
Seeking the Plat of Immortality,
I saw no Place Secure; but all must dy.
Death, that Stern Officer, takes no denial;
I'm griev'd he found your door, to make a trial.
Thus, be it on the Land, or Swelling Seas,
His Sov'raignty doth what His Wisdom please.

Must

Must then the Rulers of this World's affairs,
 By Providence be brought thus into Tears?
 It is a Lesson hard, I must confess,
 For our Proud Wills with Heav'ns to acquiesce.
 But when Death goes before; Unseen, behind
 There's such a One, as may compose the Mind.
 Pray, *Madam*, wipe the tears off your fair eyes;
 With your translated Damsel Sympathize:
 Could She, from her New School, obtain the leave,
 She'd tell you Things would make you cease to grieve.

B. T.

A Neighbours Tears dropt on y^e grave of an
 Amiable Virgin a pleasant plant cut downe in
 the blooming of her Spring viz m^{rs} Rebecka
 Sewal. Anno Ætatis 6. August y^e 4th 1710.

O heighth! o Depthe! upon my bended Knees
 Who dare Expound these Wondrous Mysteries:
 That this rare plant is cropt before mine Eyes
 (Meer Shadow) left to write her Elegies.
 pray what brave Artist here can Understand
 What one intends y^t takes a pen in hand?
 Twas 'tother day a place I visited
 Where stands a palme, one limb whereof is dead.
 A bow'r w^{ch} many years Thousands have shaded
 By whome one Church was built: and Willard aided
 Seeking y^e plat of Immortality
 I saw no place secure but some must die
 Treading that way their Ancient fathers did
 Whose faces are, but Vertues can't be hid.



A Neighbour's TEARS

Sprinkled on the Dust of the Amiable Virgin,

Mrs. **Rebekah Sewall.**

Who was born December 30. 1704. and dyed
suddenly, August 3. 1710. Aetatis 6.

Hea'ns only, in dark hours, can Succour fend ;
And shew a Fountain, where the cisterns end.
I saw this little One but t'other day
With a small flock of Doves; just in my way :
What New-made Creature's this so bright ? thought I
Ah ! Pity 'tis such Prettiness should die.
Madam, behold the Lamb of GOD ; for there's
Your Pretty Lamb, while you dissolve in Tears ;
She lies infolded in her Shepherd's Arms,
Whose Bosom's always full of gracious Charms.
Great JESUS claim'd his own ; never begrutch
Your Jewels rate into the Hands of Such
He, with His Righteousness, has better dress'd
Your Babe, than e're you did, when at your breast.
'Tis not your case alone : for thousands have
Follow'd their sweetest Comforts to the Grave.
Seeking the Plat of Immortality,
I saw no Place Secure ; but all must dy.
Death, that stern Officer, takes no denial ;
I'm griev'd he found your door, to make a trial.
Thus, be it on the Land, or Swelling Seas,
His Sov'raignty doth what His Wisdom please.
Must then the Rulers of this World's affairs,
By Providence be brought thus into Tears :
It is a Lesson hard, I must confess,
For our Proud Wills with Heav'ns to acquiesce.
But when Death goes before ; Unseen, behind
There's such a One, as may compose the Mind.
Pray, *Madam*, wipe the tears off your fair eyes ;
With your translated Damsel Sympathise :
Could She, from her New School, obtain the leave,
She'd tell you Things would make you cease to grieve,

B. T.

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I saw this pretty Lamb, but t'other day,
With a small flock of Doves, Just in my Way.
What New made Creature's this so bright' thought I
Ah! pittty tis such prettiness should die.
With rare alliances on Every side
Had old physitians liv'd She ne're had died.
Must then the Rulers of this Worlds Affairs
By Providence be brought to us in tears.
Lord keep their Eyes from such smart Judgments free
Such mournfull Sights are more becoming mee.
Pleasant Rebecka, heres to thee a Tear
Hugg my sweet Mary if you chance to see her
Had you giv'n warning ere you pleased to Die,
You might have had a neater Elegy.

Ben: Thompson.

A Clowde of Tears, sprinkled on the Dust of the
Amiable Virgin m^{rs} Rebecka Sewel who Sud-
denly died August. 3 1710. Ætatis suae.

Heavens only, in dark hours Succours can send
And Shew a fountaine where the streams do End.
Behold the Lamb of God (mourners) for theres
Your pretty Lamb w^{ch} you bewaile in tears.
She is Enfolded, in her Shepards Armes
Hugg'd in a Bosom full of Heavenly Charmes.
Nothing could Ravish her from yo^r Embrace
But the trancendance of her Saviours face.
She was so lovely in her Makers Sight
Sweet Virgins may wee Stile his hearts Delight.

The

The Wisest King in his Magnificence
Kept Virgins Numberless wth out Offence
Shining like Starrs his faire pavillion round
With heavenly rays of fairest graces crown'd.
The honours he conferrd were pitteous things
Set by the favo^rs of the King of Kings
The least Donations by him to be told
Are Kings wth Carbuncles & Chains of Gold.
Purples & Sattins there are all cast by
And all are clad wth Little Majesty.
Great Jesus claimd his owne, never begrutch
Yo^r Jewels rare into yo^r hands of Such.
He with his Righteousness hath finer drest
Yo^r Babe than ere you did, when at yo^r Breast.
Madam, 'tis not yo^r case alone, for thousands have
follow'd their sweetest comforts to the Grave.
Theres no withstanding fixed Destiny
Which will prevaile who ever live or Die.
Death that Stern Officer takes no Denyall
I'm grievd he found yo^r Door to make a Tryall:
And be it on the Shoar or swelling Seas
His boundless Sovereignty doth what he please.
It is a lesson hard (I must confess)
For o^r proud Wills with heaven's to Acquiesce.
But when Death goes before, Unseen behind
Theres Such an one as may compose the mind
Pray Madam, wipe those tears from yo^r fair Eyes
And with yo^r New made Virgin Sympathize.
Could She from her new School obtain but leave
Shee'd tell you what would make you cease to grieve
And Wipe those Briny Streams all of yo^r face
Leaving

The Death of Rebekah Sewall 159

Leaving yo^r loving smiles upon the place.
This Suddain Providence my hand did move
To two great familys to show my love
Like a poor mason to prepare a Room
On Earth for one, who finds in Heaven a home.
B: T:

[endorsed] 1710 M^r Thompson's Verses
on
M^r Sewals Childe.

The Translation by Death of
Reverend Mr. James Allen

The Reverend James Allen, an Oxford Graduate, came from England in 1662 because of religious troubles arising from the Restoration. In 1668 he was installed minister of the First Church of Boston and so continued until his death in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Besides serving as member of the Harvard Corporation and for a time as censor of the press, he published a number of sermons and religious tracts. John Dunton, the erratic London bookseller and writer who visited Boston and called upon him in 1686, characterized him as "very Humble and very Rich, and can be Generous enough, when the Humour is upon him." Dunton, *Life and Errors*, 1705, p. 126. Mr. Allen continued in possession of his fortune and used it for the benefit of his parishioners. He built the first stone house in Boston, which he and his descendants occupied for more than a century.

The poem as printed is from lines signed "B.T." in *Death is Certain*, a funeral sermon by Reverend Benjamin Wadsworth upon the Reverend James Allen, Boston, 1710 (Evans 1492), in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

*The Translation by death, of that Holy Man of God,
Reverend Mr. JAMES ALLEN, a very Learned,
Faithful, Painful Pastor of the First Church of
Christ in Boston. Who Expired, September 22d.
1710. Aged 78.*

FAme, trim thy Wings, call nimble Mercury
To *Arimahtea* hence in haste both fly;
Enquire there for a dextrous Lapidide.
Joseph's Acquaintance, by him known and try'd.
Who fram'd our Saviours Sepulchre tell him
He should unlock the same: for here's a Limb
Which to that Blessed Body appertains,
That in the Mount of Highest Glory reigns.
Or from pure Alabaster, hew a Tomb,
And for this PURITAN, polish a Room.
Fetch Spices from the Aromatic East
Fill up the vacant corners of the Nest
Of this rare Phænix, whose disease was Age,
Who merited a most transcendent Page.
Having Perfum'd the Church with precious Pray'r
And by sound Doctrine Clarify'd the Air.
Avoiding florid strains, he dived deep,
One Eye to Heaven, one on the Text he'd keep.
Altho' his Meditations were profound,
His Hearers never saw him run a-ground.
Our Living Orthodox * with *Allen* joyn'd
Brighter than Gemini in *Boston* Shin'd.

When

* Norton [original note]

When first it was my lot his face to see,
I fancied *PAUL* talking with *TIMOTHY*.
Grave *Cotton* had he been that day commanded
Into his Pulpit would them both have handed.
I dare not give the World his Character,
Who am my self too incident to Err.
It's Angels work to write Seraphims praise,
Vertues Divine should be pourtray'd with Rays.
But if the Pictures of our Saviour might
Be worshiped, here's one laid out of sight.
Ah could I like him pray, and get my will,
I would have wrote with a Seraphick Quill.
Such is the end of a Laborious Bee,
And glad am I such rare Successors see.
Jesus to *Allen* was his All in All,
He never on that Name did vainly call.
Jesus in all his Sermons he proclaim'd,
Who rarely is in many Volumns Nam'd.
The Hearts of Thousands have his Name engrav'd
Who by him as Christ's Instrument are sav'd.
The ancient Saints hearing their Pastor's come,
Old *Anthony* his friend, cries pray make room.
But when his faithful Master he found out,
No less than JESUS Claspeth him about.
And for his Faithfulness brings him a Crown,
That would all Earthly Diadems weigh down.
Let all my Angels witness what I do,
My faithful Labourers in my Service too.
He's not the first, pray mind your work below,
I can and will on you such Honour show.

Octob. 2d. 1710.

B. T.

Last Lines and Epitaph

The concluding verses and the inscription upon the tombstone
are from the *Tompson manuscript*.

The following Verses were made by
M^r Benjamin Tompson
Roxbury June 20th 1713.
being some of his last lines.

I feel this World too mean, and low.
Patron's a lie: Friendship a Show
Preferment trouble: Grandure Vaine
Law a pretence: a Bubble Gaine
Merit a flash: a Blaze Esteem
Promise a Rush: and Hope a Dream
Faith a Disguise: a Truth Deceit
Wealth but a Trap: and Health a Cheat
These dangerous Rocks, Lord help me shun
Age tells me my Days work is done.

Upon his Grave-Stone in Roxbury.
Sub spe immortalī, the Herse of
Mr. Benjamin Tompson
Learned Schoolmaster, and Physician
And the Renowned Poet of New-England
Obiit Aprilis 10. Anno Dom. 1714, Ætatis suæ 72
Mortuus sed immortalis.
He that would try what is true happiness
indeed, must Dye

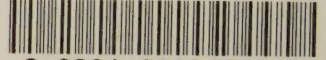
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THIS IS NUMBER. 223

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